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MADAM X

"I am a mystery wrapped in an enigma ... and a thong."

Being an international dominatrix is the best career. I get to wear my favorite color … and men pay me for what I’d gladly do for free!

Red is the color of heat – which I'm always in!

That's it slave ...
put it where I
want it! Put it in
so deep my jaw
drops and my
knees go weak!

BOOTY CALL

I make men see red … and they make me see stars!

My lover knows
I’ve got treasure
there. Lick me and
ride me, cowboy!

barbie & jack

These boots are made for fucking. And that's just what they'll do. Forget "one of these days" — I want it right now, and my lover knows if he's not ready, there are a hundred men who are!

Did I say boots"? I meant "booty" – as in, "I've got the hottest booty in 10 counties."

That's right … you're hitting the target … and hard as a brick! Fuck my ass to Santa Fe and back!

BOOTY CALL

Go South, young man!
Again and again!

senior speakout

This month's question:

What Athlete Would You Like To Make Love With?

Connie

Oh, great question, and, don't any of ya'll laugh at me...don't laugh at me and tell me that he's just a skinny kid! See, I love Tiger Woods, and, there's nothing I'd rather do than get down-and-dirty with the King of Golf. Oh, how I love seeing Tiger stroll across that golf course. And, when he throws a fist up in the air following a hole-in-one...I can only imagine that he's throwing a fist in the air after scoring a hole-in-one with my pussy hole.

I'd love to be the prize of one of those golf tournaments: you know...the winner would get to do whatever he wanted with me. Tiger, of course, would win, and, what he'd want to do is throw me on that golf course, spread my legs and shove his huge schlong in my cunt. And, you know Tiger's got to have a big one. Now, I'm not saying that as any type of racial stereotyping. It's just that you see how long and lanky every other part of his body is...well, don't you think that would carry over to the one spot where it really counts?

Desi Foxx

That's an easy one. Roger Staubach. That's right...the sexy man Roger the Dodger. Well, I don't think Roger would want to dodge me. What gets me incredibly horny is the Staubach from the 1970s. During the era when the Cowboys faced off against the Pittsburgh Steelers. You know, Roger used to take some pretty hard hits on the field.

I bet after some of those games Mr. Staubach was pretty banged-up and beaten. I would have loved to have been the woman to give him some first-rate sexual healing. I'd even put on that Marvin Gaye tune as I was giving him my fine pussy. And, you just know that a man who had that type of athleticism would also have some exceptional stamina when it came to the horizontal mambo jambo. And, if he ever wore me out...Elli could always step in...I do understand that the ages don't match up...but, it's a fantasy and anything's possible. And, my fantasy involves a time machine.

That's right. Me, Roger, and my daughter in a time machine with Roger's hard Cowboy cock getting serviced until it was ready to fall off! That's my favorite athlete fantasy!

Lorraine

Okay, but please don't laugh in my

What Athlete Would You Like To Make Love With?

face. Andre the Giant. That's right. Andre the Giant: the seven foot tall, five hundred pound behemoth. See, I get the feeling that Andre was sort of awkward with the ladies. And, I always got the feeling that he could really use a good woman's love. I know deep-down he was definitely the gentle giant.

Now, with a man like Andre, it goes without say that I'd have to be on top. I mean...that monster of a man would be far too massive to be on top of tiny old me. And, I could imagine how hot sex with Andre would be. See, he had so much padding that I could just imagine bouncing up and down on his no-doubt giant cock.

I have this fantasy in which Andre just defeats the Iron Sheik. And, I'm watching in the crowd screaming. Andre gestures for me to come into the ring. I do as he orders and Andre proceeds to strip my clothes off, bend me over and pump me right in the middle of the ring. The crowd would be screaming for Andre to give it to me...and, he would before the adoring multitude. And, I repeat...could you even imagine how big his dick must have been!

Marjorie

That would be none other than Sir Charles Barkley. I always admired several things about Charles. Like, when he made a big point about how he's not a role model. You know, how kids need their parents to be role models. I loved it that he made that point. See, a lot of times guys with some sort of moral integrity get me sort of horny.

Not to mention Charles also has some serious physical handsomeness going on. I mean...take a look at that bald head. How I'd love to have that head between my legs chomping on my pussy. I'd rub his bald head to encourage him. And, Charles of course was quite an athlete. All that running up and down the basketball court! You can bet Sir Charles would have some serious staying power in the sack. Charles definitely would be one of those guys who could just fuck you for hours. And, did I ever tell you that that's my favorite sort of guy.

Oh, shit. All this Charles Barkley talk has gotten me super-horny. I better go find my Sports Center tapes and my vibrator.

Rhea Roma

Okay, before you laugh out loud...let me tell you that sometimes I like sexually taking charge with the softer, more passive sort of guys. Well, to be honest, I like taking charge in an attempt to bring out their very own aggressive side. I always figured that a few sniffs of my pussy should be able to bring out the animal in any man. I love turning some mild-mannered fellow into a sex-crazed animal who's pulling my hair out as he's fucking me with frenzied passion.

So, enter gold medal, figure skater Brian Boitano. His ice jumps used to get me wet back in the eighties. Now, the rumors circulating suggested that Brian had a thing for his fellow boys...but, I think I'd be able to bring him over to the other side with my pink hole. I think I'd have the boy doing a triple lutz right into my pussy! Yes, I honestly believe my cotton-candy pussy is enough to transform a gay man into a pussy-pumping stud!

I'd love for him to take me out onto the ice. I love the move where the man and woman hold hands and the woman has one of her legs pointing straight-up in the air. I'd be wearing a short little skirt sans panties, and, I'd let him wiggle his gay little worm right into my warm twat. I think we'd probably melt the ice!

Serenity

Ever since his debut in the Winston Cup, I've had a special place in my pussy for Jeff Gordon. I always admire a person who's the best at something. And, when it comes to getting behind the steering wheel of a hot rod; my Jeffie is the best out there. I could only

Serenity

Rhea

imagine how good he would be if he got behind me. I know he's got some technical prowess, and, I'd expect that there would be some expert nipple manipulation and ear suckling.

I have to admit that I can be something of an adrenaline junky. I love the idea of screwing Jeff in the backseat of a speeding race car. Since it's all a fantasy, we'd enlist Mario to do the driving and, we'd just be fucking like crazy in the backseat as the car careened around the track spitting out exhaust and asphalt. Our fuck session would be called Serenity's Cup. And, if you win, you get to pump Serenity's pussy any time you like. Jeff would win, of course, and, I'd have a happy life of being his little fuck slave.

Sofia

Well, there are any number of athletes that I'd love to fuck fast and furious. Do I have to pick just one? Okay. Mean Joe Greene! I said it! I loved him since that commercial in the late 70s where he's limping down the tunnel and the little boy gives him a Coke. Then Mean Joe throws the kid his jersey. Mean Joe was a real man, and, I can tell by his hard-hitting football performance that he's a man who knows how to fuck a lady.

I picture myself in that famous Mean Joe Green Coke commercial. It's me going down the tunnel. But instead of a Coke, I say, “Hey Mean Joe, want some Milf pussy.” He says, “Okay,” and bends me over as the reporters' cameras start flashing away. Mean Joe was the sort of man who would absolutely dominate a woman's pussy. You could just tell by the cold look in his eye and that gruff, manly voice.

By the end of the fuck session, he's forgotten that his leg is injured, and, when he walks away he's not limping anymore! But, I have a feeling that after his monster cock, I might be walking a little funny!

Sofia

one hot milf PACKAGE!

Oh, Lorraine...sweet Lorraine! I want to sing your praises to our 50+ readers; but, when I see that picture of your black panties cleaving your juicy camel toe, it's all I can do to stop myself from running for the lotion so I can rub one out. Lorraine is another one of these Milf-Next-Door types that we dream about having nearby. She's what I think of as the total package: the lovely blond hair, piercing eyes, charming smile, and luscious tits. And, did I mention that the picture of her black-pantied pussy is driving me crazy with lust.

lorraine

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WILD HOTTIES

When I see Lorraine on that wooden chair with her sexy legs spread, I dream about being in the same room, walking right up between her legs, lifting those high-heeled feet in the air, and sliding my funstick into her warmth. Lorraine's the type of Milf that you instinctually just want to please. See, I'd want to just put my member inside her and hold it there for a few minutes while I romantically kissed her delectable lips. It'd be super-hard to control myself, though, and, I know in no time I'd be bucking like a bull on steroids.

> **“Few things get me hornier than sexy panties going up my ass!”**

lorraine

the Adventures Of An Uber Nerd

A 50-Plus Series Chronicling A Nerd's Rise To Sexual Stud Man to Ladies Over Fifty

Well, for those who remember me...oh, God, what a long, strange trip it's been since I entered the marvelous world of high-quality, Milf-fucking! It all started about four months back when I just couldn't get any girly action with the local, dirty-leg sluts at my university. God, that was frustrating. Seeing those little, collegiate whores walking funny-style around Monday morning as if they had just been riding broncos all weekend long. And, they had. They'd been getting their pussies pounded by a bunch of frat boy douchebags...and, yea...the whole thing was really getting to me! There I was a Python programmer spanking my pud in a dingy dorm room!

My saving grace was that I branched out into a different age demographic. That's to say: Milfs! And, in particular, it turned out I had a preference for the over-fifty variety. Oh, those ladies are like grapes that have stayed on the vine for the necessary amount of time. Oh, yes, the longer on the vine, the sweeter the juice! And, I was getting some of the aged and prime pootang...then, I had to go and be a jackass. Why do I have to be such a hard-headed idiot?

See, for whatever reason I got mixed-up with, Mandy, a girl my age: nineteen. She wasn't a programming nerd like me. Oh, no. She was actually a cheerleader on campus: a perky, blond, pretty baby who could nearly put her legs beyond her head. Yes, that's flexibility for you. She needed help with her Algebra class, and, I was just as surprised as anybody when she started to like me. One evening as I was showing her differen-

tial equations in the library, I had actually dozed off for a second, and, when I opened my eyes; I felt the most marvelous sensation on my member.

I glanced down and that cheerleader's sultry mouth hole had my manhood engulfed, and, she was sucking like a toddler on a cherry lollipop. I looked at her blond crown bobbing up and down, and, I instantly exploded in her spitty mouth. By the time she swallowed my gunk, I was in love. Yes, I am a fool and a fucking nerd of an idiot on top of it!

But, check this out...what I soon learned...It turns out her dad was some sort of brainy, rocket scientist...and, not as in the "rocket scientist" joke. No, sir! Motherfucker actually figured out how to put rockets into outer space! That's what I call an uber uber nerd! And, his daughter was a blond cheerleader of a bimbo...and, I reminded her of her dad. Funny how that works; but, as long as she was getting down on her hands and knees for me...oh, long live her rocket scientist daddy!

Before I knew it, I was a nerd in love, and, I was loading songs onto her Ipod, doing all her homework, and picking up her Tampax at the Mini Mart. Oh, it was bliss...for a few weeks. And, then one day I went to meet her after her cheerleader practice, and, she was nowhere in sight. I was exhausted, and, as I walked alongside the bleachers, I heard a loud slurping sound. I knew that slurping sound! I stuck my head under the bleachers, and, some bastard of a football player had his hands on the back of Mandy's head as he thrust his cock in her mouth. The bastard actually still had his football player helmet on.

I did what any self-respecting nerd would do. I yelled, "Get your jock cock out of my girl's mouth."

At that instant, he grunted as his head went back. Mandy spun around as confused as a raccoon on a roller coaster.

"Oh, God," she said, looking at me. Man spunk rolled down the corners of her mouth.

"You are a fucking whore!" I screamed.

Her jock Prince Charming stared at me.

"You're a freak," he said. "You belong in the circus."

I turned around, and, crying I raced back to my dorm room. I tossed some clothes into a backpack and grabbed my Visa card. I was torn apart like a rag doll in a windstorm. In my confusion, I staggered to Big Tony's room where I stole a bottle of Vodka. With my vodka and

And, her warm mouth once again engulfed my dong.

God, could she suck!

What the hell...I started rhythmically pumping my cock into her mouth.

backpack I fled the campus. I ended in the woods where I consumed the Vodka. And, see, this is where things get really weird. See, I woke up with a headache like Hulk Hogan had dropped a hammer fist on the top of my skull.

"He's coming to," I heard a female voice say.

I opened up my eyes and saw a bearded woman. "What the fuck," I thought. My back ached from the cot I had been stretched out on.

"You okay honey?" the bearded lady asked. "You came in here last night drunk as hell...babbling about how you were going to make a life in the circus."

"Where am I lady?" I asked.

"The circus honey," she said, handing me a hot coffee.

The memories started focusing a bit in my mind. The image panorama started to flow, and, it ended with Mandy standing next to the jock...with cum running down her chin. Suddenly, a blur entered the room like lightning. And, just like that, a gorgeous blond was before me. And, she just as unexpectedly went into a handstand...and, she stayed in that position!

"You'll get over Mandy baby," she said, still on her hands with her ample, bikini-topped tits almost obscuring her mouth.

I sat there blinking, looking at those enormous boobs of hers. She popped off her hands to her feet and sat next to me on the bed.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm the Flexi Lady," she said, standing up then dropping into a full split.

"Wow," I muttered. Leave it to an uber nerd to say something stupid!

"Don't you remember?" she asked. "You were crying as you told me about Mandy's blowjob, so, I did what any compassionate woman would do."

"What was that?"

"I sucked your cock and let you fuck me like a doggy."

"Wish I remembered," I said.

"Well, here's an instant replay," she said.

And, faster than Bill Gates programming Basic, she had my pants off and my cock in her mouth!

"Ooooh!" I moaned. "You work fast!"

She pulled my cock out of her mouth.

"You already told me your life story last night...and, how hot Milfs get you. I liked that!"

And, her warm mouth once again engulfed my dong. God, could she suck! What the hell...I started rhythmically pumping my cock into her mouth.

"Give me your mouth pussy," I said.

Hell, I was feeling bold and better already. I pulled out of her mouth, and, started playfully slapping her beautiful cheek with my love rod.

"Take that you beautiful Milf you!" I said.

After doing that for a bit, I put her on her back and spread her legs apart.

"I'm hungry for some delicious Milf pussy," I said.

I thrust my head between her thighs, and, in no time at all I had a mouthful of Milf twat.

"Mmmmm," I yelled, muzzling my face around.

"Ooooooh," she moaned.

I reached up and cupped those enormous breasts. I squeezed the saucer-sized nipples between my thumb and index finger. My libido was as stirred up as a Margarita in a buzzing blender.

"I want you like a doggy!" I yelled.

"That's just what you were yelling at me last night," she said, dropping to her hands and knees on the floor.

Her ass stared up at me like a gorgeous, pale moon. I slapped my hand against it.

"Oooooh!"

I inserted a finger and then another into her love hole. The juices soon were stirring like a grapefruit in a pulverizer.

"Put your cock in now!" she barked at me.

I jacked my tool for a bit, and, then I slid it in her soppy twat. It felt marvelous: a little slice of heaven. I put my hands on her ass and started bucking. My torso rhythmically slapped against her, and, I knew I would last for a while. I reached up and grabbed her hair, which I gently tugged back. Her eyes pointed at the ceiling.

"Yes, that's it," she moaned. "Fuck my circus pussy like a dog whore!"

Well, in the midst of some intense fucking, we all say some silly things...don't we?

"I love me some circus doggy style," I yelled.

"Mandy never fucked you like this!" she exclaimed.

And, it was true. I felt a whole world of sadness drop from my shoulders and dissipate on the floor of this circus tent.

"I got me a circus Milf," I yelled.

"A Flexi Milf!" she yelled, bucking her hips back.

the Adventures Of An Uber Nerd

"What's that mean?" I asked.

She lurched forward, went into a handstand, and, then, miraculously, somehow managed to put her legs behind her head.

"Come and get it," she said.

I walked over top of her, put my hands on her ass cheeks, and, stared straight into her glorious pussy hole which looked up at me like a lecherous eye.

I aligned my hump stick with her cunt and plunged in. I squeezed her ass as I jackhammered my cock down in this exotic, circus position.

"Oh, you Circus flexible lady Milf," I called out.

"Fuck the hell out of me you Python programmer," she yelled.

I kept helping her balance as my plunger sloshed in and out of her mature pussy. At one point, I somehow managed to even pick her up a bit off the ground.

"Mandy, you could never do this," I said, grunting away.

"Mandy didn't know how to really fuck," she said, grinding her hips delightedly.

I felt a surge cascading up my legs and into my loins.

"I'm going to blow," I yelled.

"On my face please!" she screamed.

I pulled out and pushed my cock head down and sprayed a monstrous load. Gobs splattered her cheeks and coated the underside of her chin.

"Okay, let go of me," she said.

I did, and, she popped up to her feet and then did a cartwheel followed by a backflip.

"Go team!" she exclaimed.

"We don't have cheerleaders like you at school," I said.

"You gotta stick to the Milfs baby," she said.

And, boy was she right. Good God was she right!

"Now you get back to school and finish-up your degree," she said.

At that instant, a clown on a unicycle came racing across the floor. His wheel got caught on a soda can and he went sprawling onto the bed.

"Oh, shit, Bozo's been drinking again," she said.

"You're already cum-covered Flexi Lady," the clown slurred.

"And..." Flexi Lady said.

"How 'bout a little pussy for Bozo."

And, we all laughed like hell. And, maybe next time I'll tell you what a three-way with a circus acrobat Milf and a drunk clown is like.

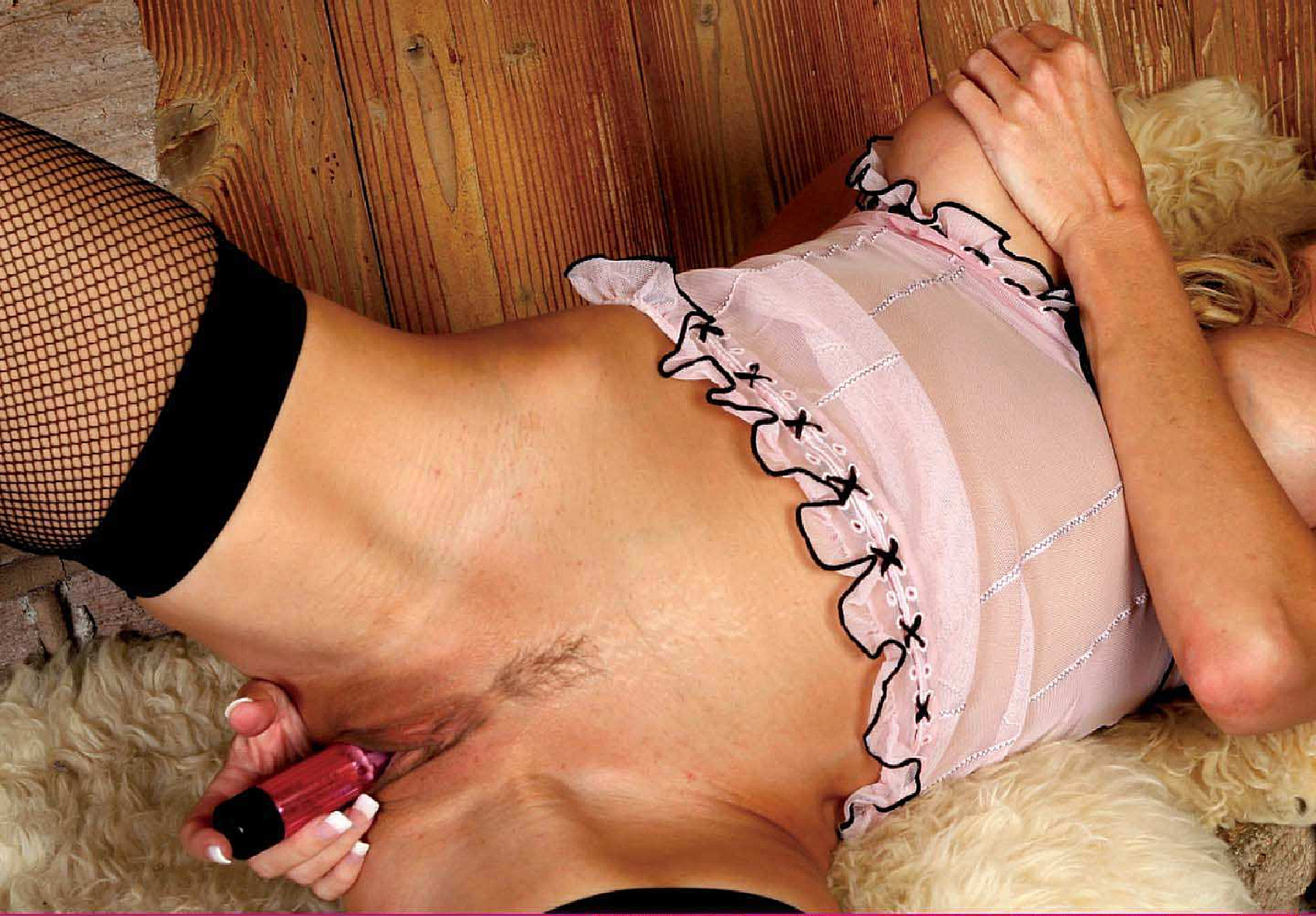
niki wylde: we want to eat you!

It's interesting that men, unaware of each other, so often describe Niki Wylde as being delicious. What is it about this Milf that spontaneously puts the thought in the mind of every living heterosexual man that he just has to get his mouth all over that scrumptious body? What is it about this volcano Milf that raises such a lustful hunger? Maybe it's the captivating eyes...or perhaps the genuine, alluring smile. Or, maybe it's just that fantastic legginess.

niki wylde

Or, maybe it's those damn, delightful, handful-sized tits that you just want to grab and squeeze and never let go of! ...with those beautiful nipples that you just want to suck on for a few weeks! Niki's obviously one of those women that you can never have a real conversation with. Sure, she'd be cool and talk to you in a friendly way; but all you'd be able to think about is shoving your cock in her pussy! That's just the level of power Niki Wylde's sexuality wields.

"I love being the
masturbation fodder
for my hunky,
sex-crazed men!"



Little surprise that she's a fan fave in the movie section at the adult video store. Everybody knows that her performance in My First Sex Teacher was enough to convert a legion of men into loyal, Niki Wylde enthusiasts. And, Niki really found her fuck-stride in Desperate House Milfs. And, ever since, Niki's been burning-up the little screen in a slew of blazing, boink movies. Niki told me that she loves working with new, up-and-coming performers. Niki, with what you got going, the good Lord knows you'll have no shortage of applicants!

niki wylde

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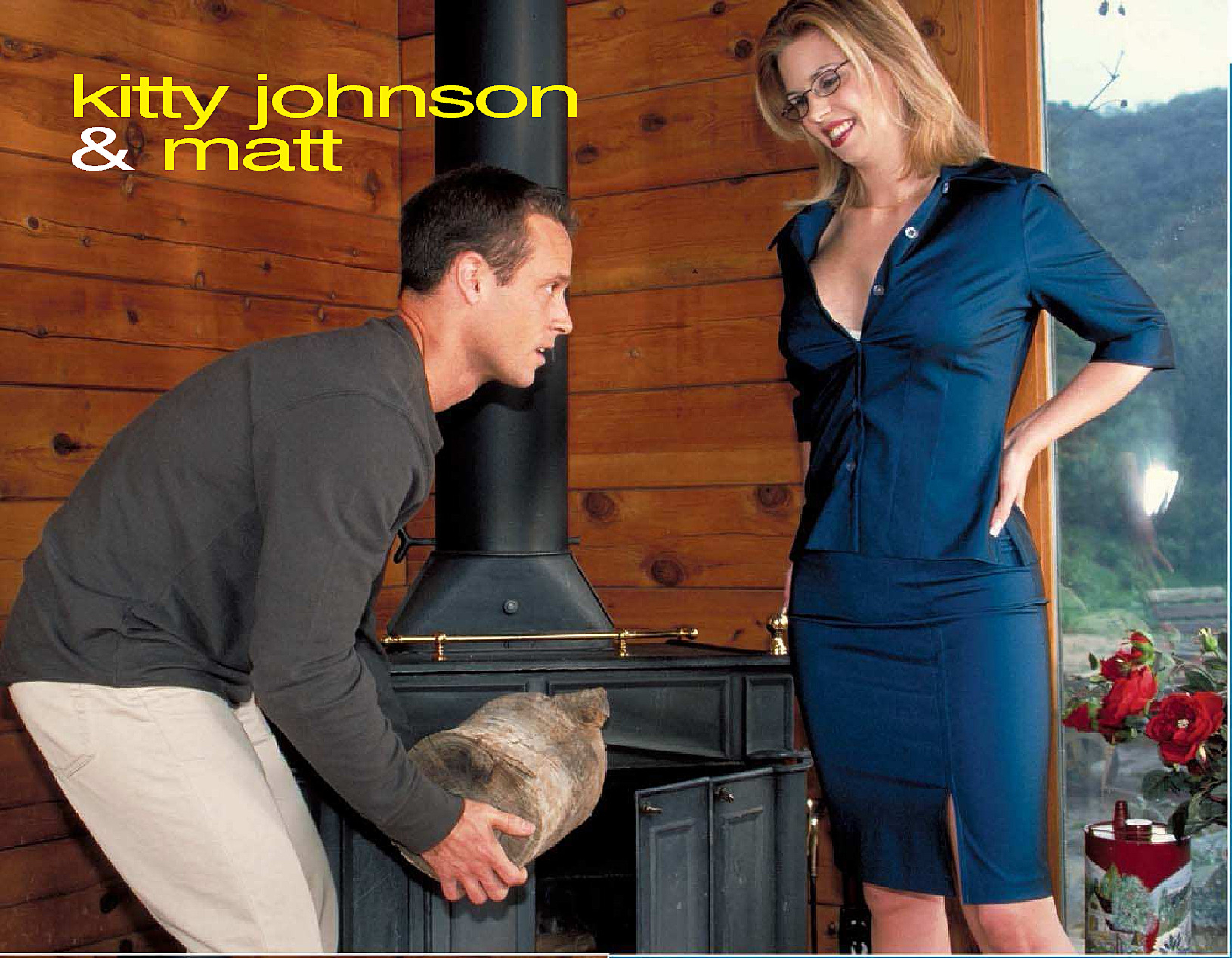
kitty johnson & matt



i’ve got some wood for you!

When I see pictures of slinky, Milf Goddess Kitty Johnson with Matt, the understandably-eager stud; I just want to scream: “God, why can't I be Matt!” That's the way it is when I see a Milf (with all the sleekness of a Siamese cat), who's cotton-candy-like pussy is about to get the dicking of a lifetime. Oh, Matt...you lucky bastard!

An anal-enthusiast like Kitty Johnson is enough to get any man overwhelmed with his libidinous impulses. I first was introduced to the wonderfulness of Kitty Johnson when I viewed some of her sizzling films: Splendor in the Asshole, Limelight Girls 4, Eternal Virgins, Gag Factor 12, and Bang My Tight White Ass. I'll tell you what...that video of her tight, white ass got me banging my greased-up hand against my pud stick...repeatedly!

“I couldn't have a relationship with a man who wasn't into anal sex.”

When I told Kitty about how desirable I found the lines of her body, she gave me that beautiful, trademark Kitty Johnson smile, which simultaneously fills a man with a tender endearment and lustful hurricane! That's just the magic of a baby-faced Milf with a God-like, skyscraper, oh-so-fuckable, Milf body! We love you Kitty! Will you be my pussy cat?

the Adventures Of An Uber Nerd

A 40-Plus Series Chronicling A Nerd's Rise To Sexual Stud Man to Ladies Over Forty

The truth is that I had been taking a bit of a break from my normally endless pursuit of fine, Milf pussy. Oh, God, yes I love those Milf love holes, and I can never really get tired of them, but there is an emotional price to be paid for having so many sexual relationships in such a short time. To think that I now had this problem. To think that I now had been getting more Milf pussy than I could handle. And, the emotional burden was that some of the Milfs wanted relationships, and I just wasn't ready for that.

You see, as you may remember, my pussy-hunting adventures began because I had something to prove. My cock had limped-out with my college girlfriend during my first attempt at sexual intercourse, and that really screwed me up. And, in retrospect, I simply had set out to prove that I was a real man. And, through my stunts and deceptions, the pussy holes lined up like a glorious row of mature tulips, and I plunged away.

But, I no longer had anything to prove to myself. My cock could get hard, and it worked just fine. And, like I said, I wasn't emotionally solid enough for a real relationship. The only thought that really got my dick hard was the idea of fucking a super-beautiful woman; you know, like a drop-dead-gorgeous sort of woman: but let's face it...that wasn't going to happen for me.

So, I was just taking a break. And, as I had recently inherited a bit of money from my late grandmother, I decided to go on a vacation. I boarded a plane and landed in Reno, Nevada. Is there possibly a better place to just relax? I was staying at Carnival Carnival, which is a rundown dive located downtown. I sort of savored the whole seediness of this adventure. I left all my shit in my room and headed down to the bar for a drink.

Poker machines were actually embedded in the surface of the bar, and, I slid a hundred dollar bill into the acceptor. A couple young dudes sat down near me. They were arguing about something.

"No, I'm not going to the fucking Stallion Barn," the tall one said.

"Why not?" the short one asked. "You can fuck the most beautiful women alive for two hundred bucks. And, it's all legal bro'!"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. There was actually a place where you could legally pay a beautiful woman to fuck you? Part of me didn't like the idea of paying for sex. But, the other part of me was drawn to the deviant feeling that the whole affair would entail. Ultimately, I wouldn't spend any of my hard-earned money on pussy. After all, I had worked my ass off, programming ten hours a day in Python, to put my savings together. I'd be damned if I'd give it to some Nevada whore for a brief visit into her loins.

Distractedly, I hit the deal button again. Suddenly, the buttons on the machine lit up red and a message saying "Royal Flush: Call Attendant" appeared on the screen. What the fuck! What's a royal flush? I looked at the screen and I saw an Ace, Jack, Ten, Queen, and King all of hearts. Ah, so that's what a royal flush is! The bartender waddled over, smiling like a lecherous pedophile.

"Congratulations," he said. "Do you want a drink?"

"Give me a shot of gin," I said.

Normally, I never drink, but what the hell! In a bit, an attendant came over and paid me $5215.74 in cash. I gave him fifty and threw fifty on the bar. What the hell! I didn't work for this money! It was an unexpected gift from heaven! I jammed the rest of my money into my pocket, my eyes lit-up like a prophet with a revelation, and I tapped the tall guy on the shoulder.

"Where's this God damn Stallion Barn?" I asked.

"Just hop in a cab," he said. "The driver will know."

I dashed out of the casino feeling like I was committing the crime of the century. But, everything was within the realms of the law.

"Oh, this is how my nerdy mind works," I thought. "Even when I'm having a legitimate good time, I'm second-guessing myself!"

I resolved to just go with the spirit of the night: to run free like a jackal. I hailed a cab, and it stopped practically on my toes. The street was lit up with the reflections from all the neon signs, and the air was crisp with an intangible decadence. I popped in the cab.

"Where to guy?" the driver asked, rubbing a hand through his greasy beard.

"To the Stallion Barn!" I declared.

"What kind of woman you got in mind?" he asked.

"A drop-dead-gorgeous one," I said.

He sped through the small city and soon we were zipping through the desert. There was little trace of civilization in sight, and some tumbleweeds were by the roadside. When we got to the Stallion Barn, I got out of the car and buzzed the gate. Soon, the door opened, and I stepped inside the establishment. When I opened the front door, a bell rang, and a dozen beautiful, scantily-clad women all lined-up in front of me. I stood there blinking like a fool staring at an algebraic equation on the blackboard.

I felt like Caesar must have felt. I felt like I had suddenly become royalty. My eyes scanned the row of women: all of whom could have easily passed for models or actresses. How could I possibly select one? Then I knew. I saw the dark-haired beauty in the black lingerie. My eyes lingered on her black panties and fishnet stockings. I smiled at her and nodded. She stepped forth.

"How are you tonight?" she asked.

"I want to fuck a beautiful Milf," I said. "And, you are she."

"That's sweet," she said, pulling on my tie. "I'm Monique. Follow me."

She lead me down a hallway and into her small bedroom.

"You're not like the other guys who come in here," she said, still smiling. "You're kind of...kind of..."

"Nerdy?" I asked.

"Yea, nerdy!" she said. "But, in a good way! Most of the guys who come in here are old. Or gross. Or old and gross. And fat."

"Monique, you're a Goddess," I said.

"You are so damn cute!" she said. "What do you want to do?"

"Basic sex," I said. "Missionary position...doggy style."

"I'm going to want to ride you!" she said. "Follow me."

She lead me into her bathroom where she washed my cock. Just the sight of her eyes and tits got me half-hard. When she rubbed the washcloth over my tool, it barked to full attention.

She slipped a rubber over it and grabbed it. She then lead me by my cock to her bed. She removed her lingerie and panties. I nearly trembled while in full view of her nude beauty. She sensed my awe and smiled again.

"Why can't they all be like you?" she asked. "I just may have to marry you!"

"I think I'm in love," I said.

She pulled down my pants and her mouth immediately engulfed my throbbing dick. I had never received a blowjob with a rubber on...but, I was glad, because given her sexiness, I'd need that rubber to sort of dull the sensation a bit, so I wouldn't instantly explode inside her. And, my God, there is nothing on earth like a professional. The way she slurped on my cock! It felt so damn good!

"Oh, suck it pretty baby doll Milf," I said.

She removed her mouth and looked up smiling.

"Yea," she said. "Talk to me baby while I suck your huge, glorious cock!"

Her mouth went back down, and now she was slurping very rapidly like a suck machine.

"Oh, Monique," I yelled. "You're going to suck my cock right off my balls you Milf Queen!"

I think she liked my yelling of compliments because she was actually allowing my cock to slide into her throat. I had never had a blowjob like that before! I reached down and squeezed her marvelous tits. Then I pinched those nipples. Then I squeezed her shoulders. I was so turned-on I just wanted to feel every inch of her body.

She stopped sucking and looked at me.

"What's your fantasy?" she asked.

"To fuck you Monique," I said.

"Think," she said. "You can do better than that.

I scratched my balls.

"I want you to pretend you're my first girlfriend," I said. "The one I limped-out on. I want you to pretend that you're her and that I succeed wonderfully in fucking the hell out of her."

"Baby," she said. "You know I love you. You're my first boyfriend. Just relax and let's lose our virginity together right now."

It worked. My cock started quivering with excitement. I was in the fantasy.

"Yes, baby," I said. "Let's have our first time.

Monique hopped to the bed and laid back with her legs spread wide. I got on my knees and lined my throbbing member up with her glistening fuck hole. I slid in. Oh, it was marvelous. Monique screamed as if it was the first time a cock ever went in her.

"Yes, fuck me," she whispered.

I wanted to go slow, but I was overcome with ecstasy, and I started bucking away like a crazed monkey.

"Oh, God, my first time is so great," she moaned. "Your dick is a perfectly-functioning machine."

I put my hands on her inner thighs and spread her legs wider. I glanced down at her groomed, pubic mound and thanked my lucky stars for coming to Nevada!

"Ooooooh," she moaned. "You fuck like an experienced pro."

"I want to do you like a doggy," I grunted.

She pushed me off and spun around to her hands and knees. I mounted her quickly and jammed my pole into the glory of her pussy.

"Fuck me like a dog," she yelled. "But, slow...I can't really handle your size."

I started pumping her and rubbing my hands over her beautiful ass.

"I love fucking you," I said. "I never knew how great it is to fuck a woman."

"Just keep fucking," she moaned.

I did as I was told and let a finger stray across her puckered starfish.

"I like that," she whispered. "Now, let me ride you."

We switched places again.

"I'm not sure how to do this," she said, lining her pussy hole up with my engorged monster.

She slid down on it and began bouncing on my pogo stick. Her tits were flopping wildly like two jello molds in the midst of an earthquake. I didn't want to cum yet, but the experience was almost too hot to handle. I resorted to an old trick and began reciting the Pythagorean theorem in my mind. Oh, her pussy was too much!

"In any right triangle, the area of the square whose side is the hypotenuse..." I said to myself.

Her tight pussy slammed down against my balls with a squish. Oh, God, her Milf pussy was too much!

"...is equal to the sum of the areas of the squares whose sides are the two legs," I continued in my mind...but, it wasn't working.

"Oh, this is my first time getting my pussy fucked!" she screamed, bouncing down on me again.

No tricks were going to work. I was overcome.

"My cock is going to explode!" I yelled.

"Cum inside my pussy for the first time in my life," she hollered.

And, I did. My cock sent out wave after wave of jism and I felt the divine pulsations rippling throughout my entire body. The condom's reservoir was getting flooded.

"Oh, I'm cumming too!" she moaned, before flopping off me and lying next to me.

"That was a marvelous first time," she said.

"Yes, it was," I said.

And, it really was. Somehow that experience righted a pestering situation from my past. I would soon leave Nevada. But, Nevada would never leave me.

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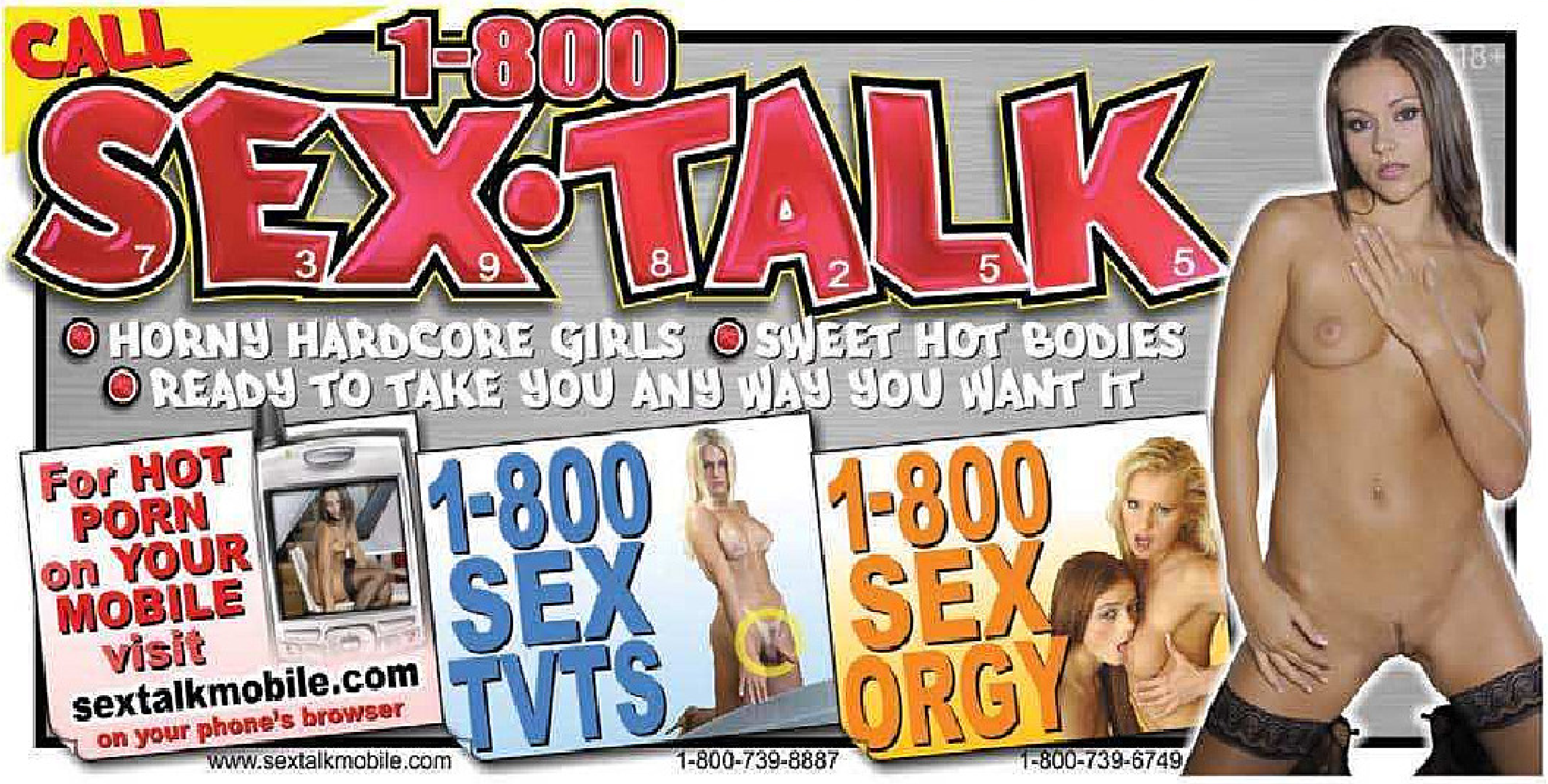
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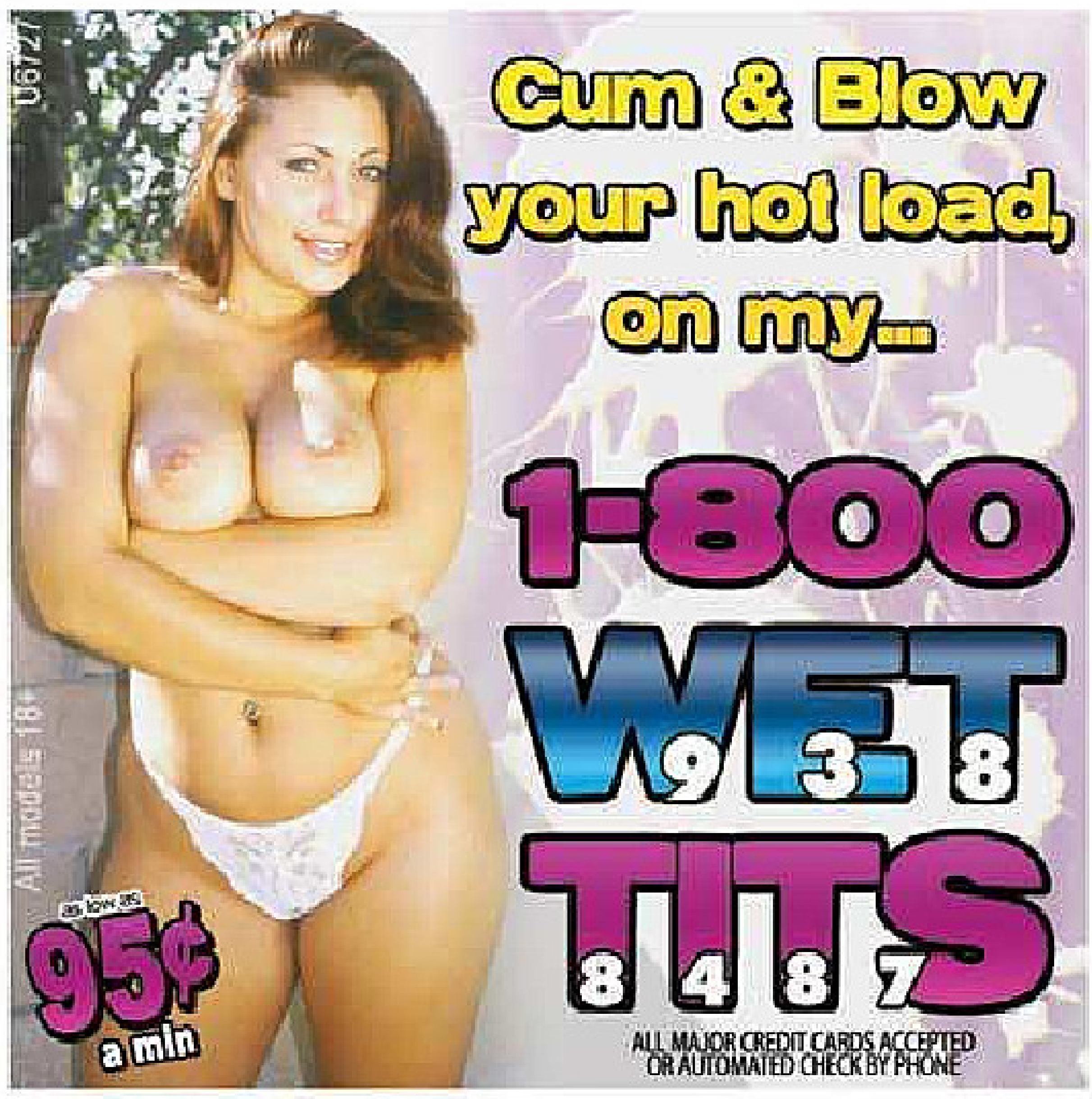
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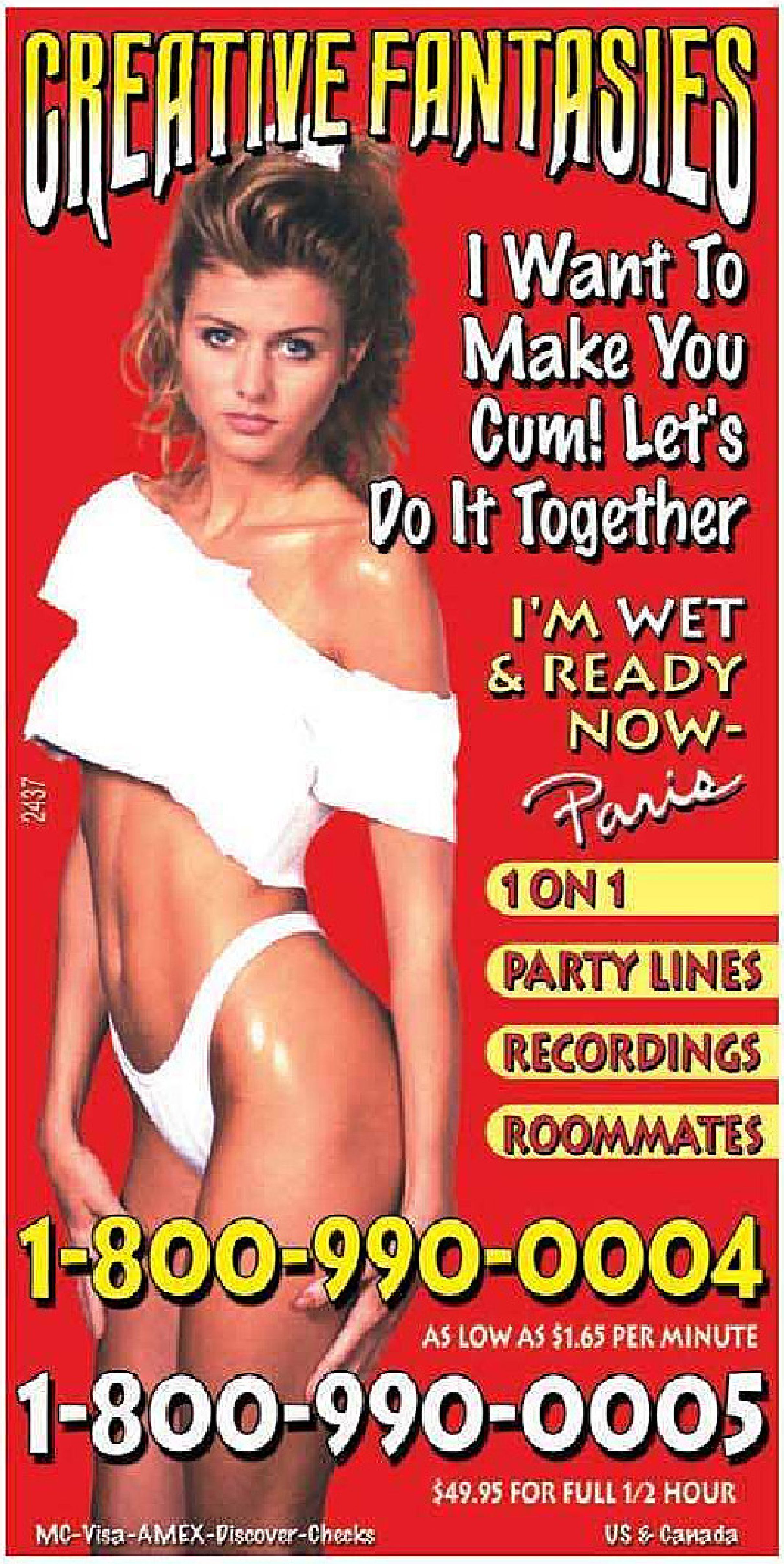

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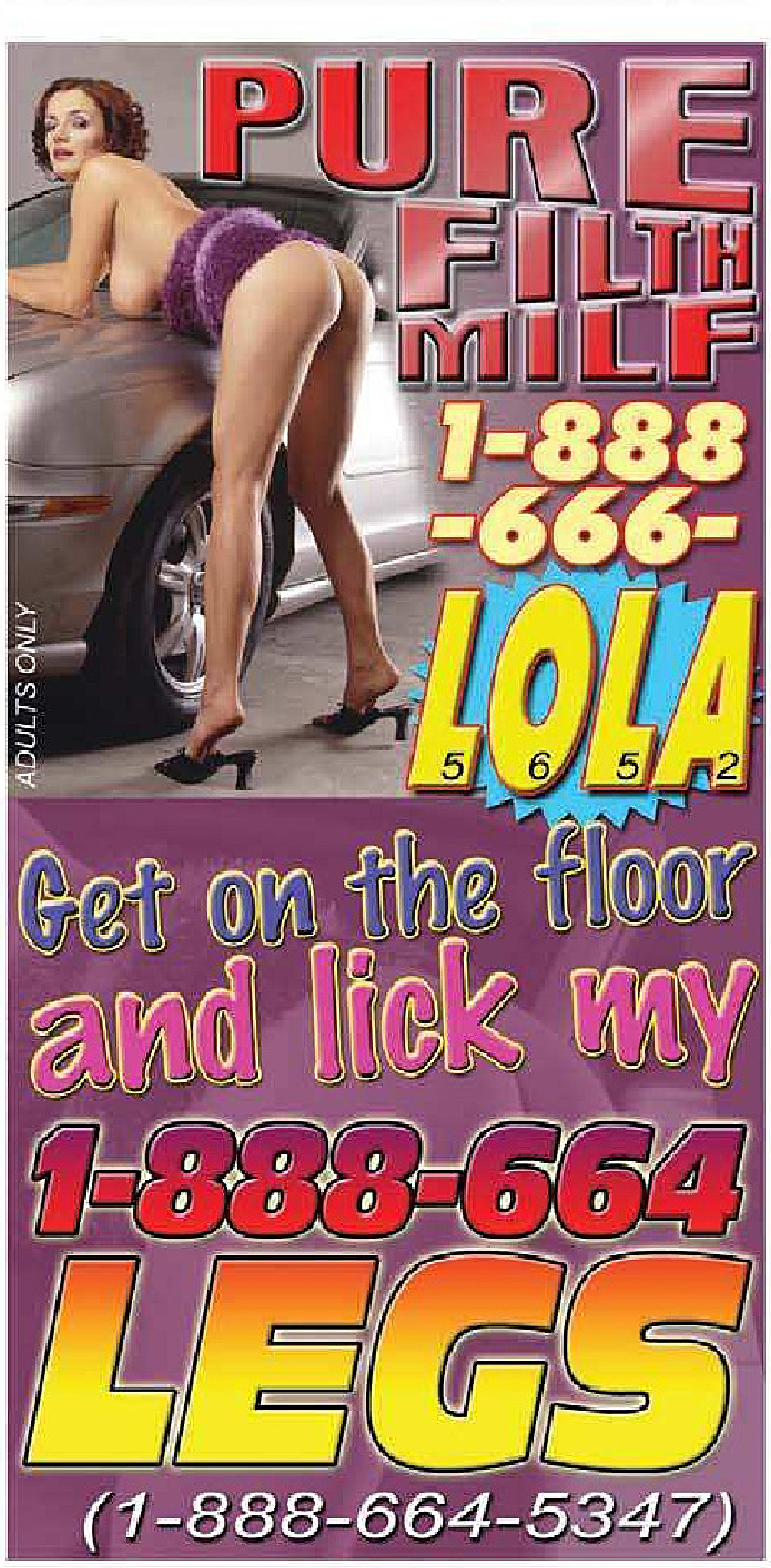

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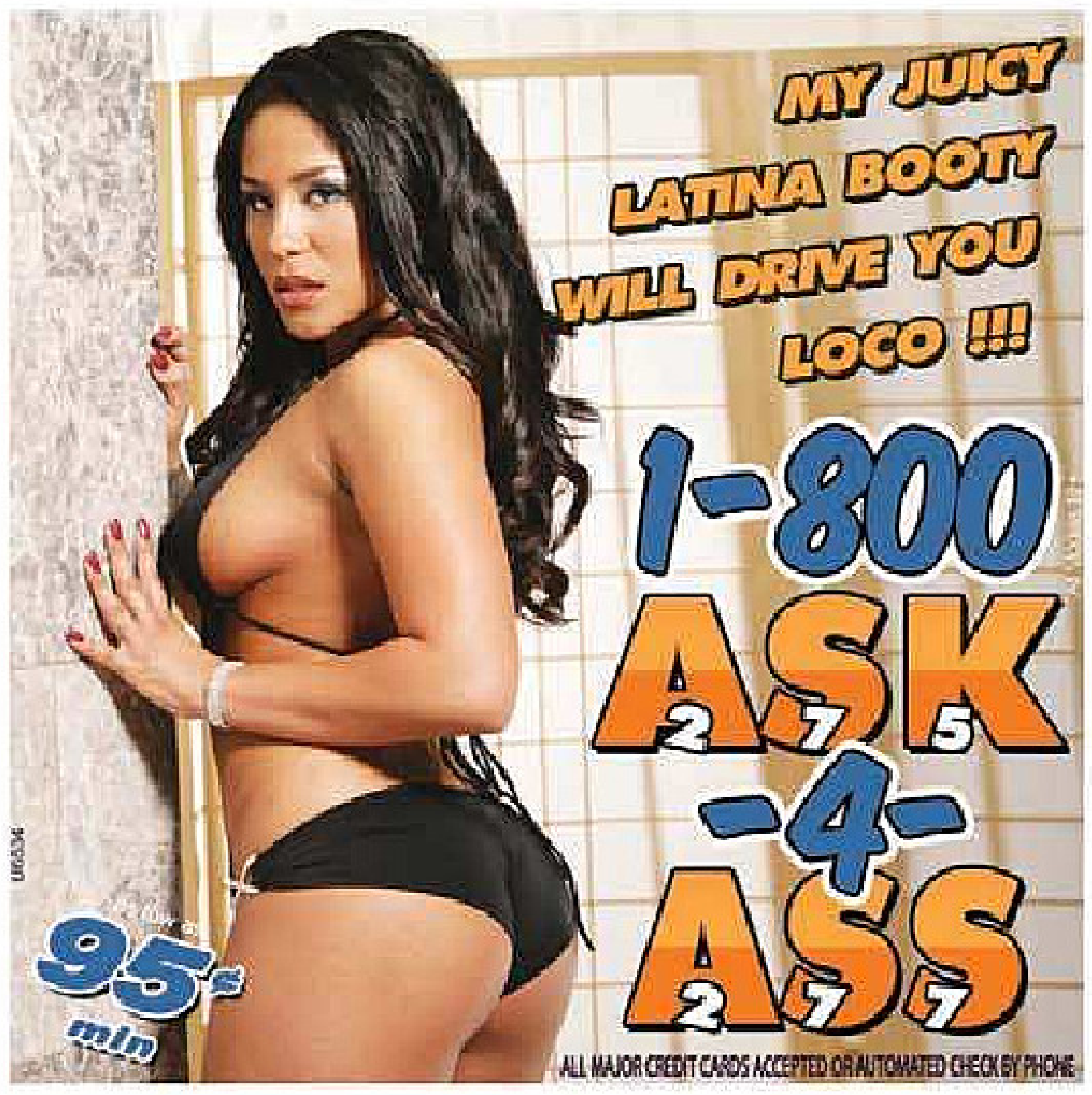

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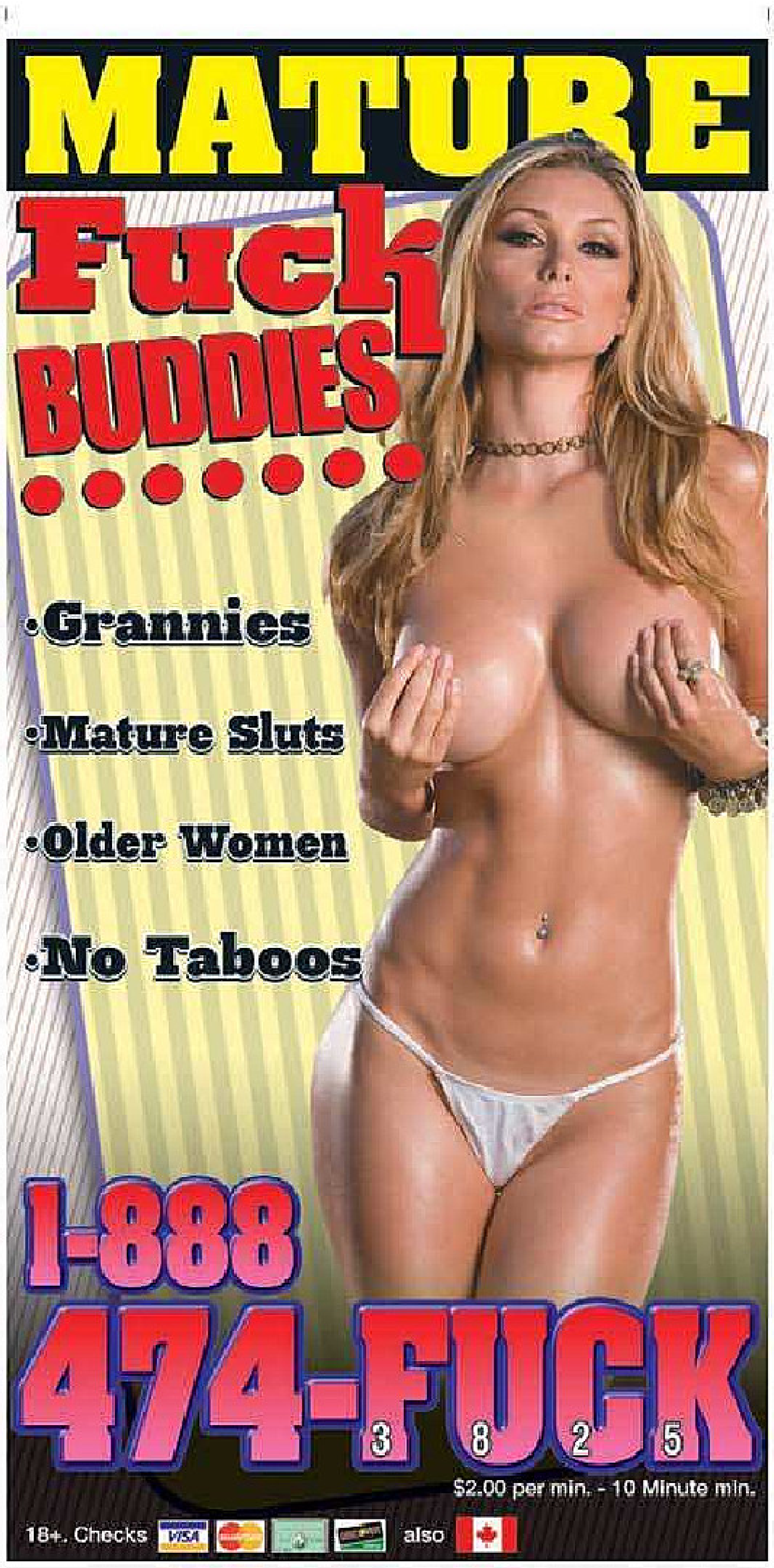

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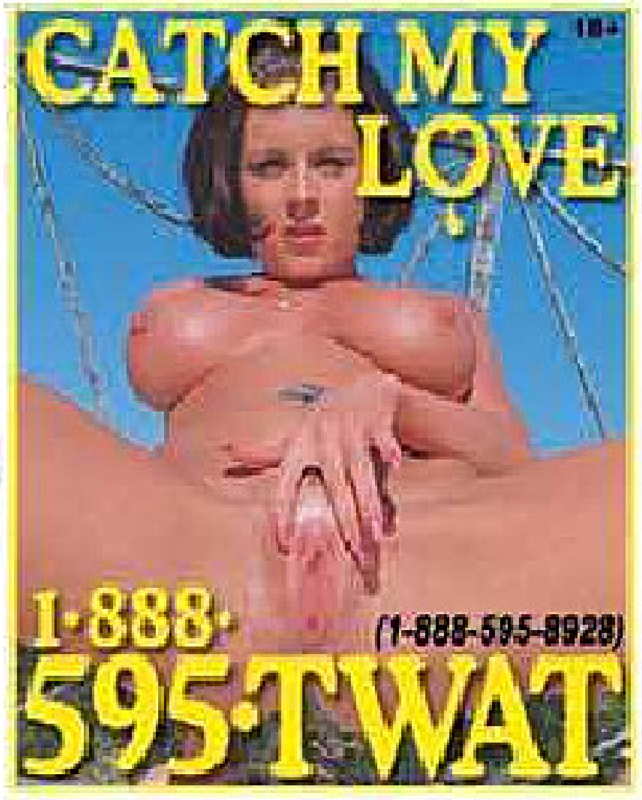
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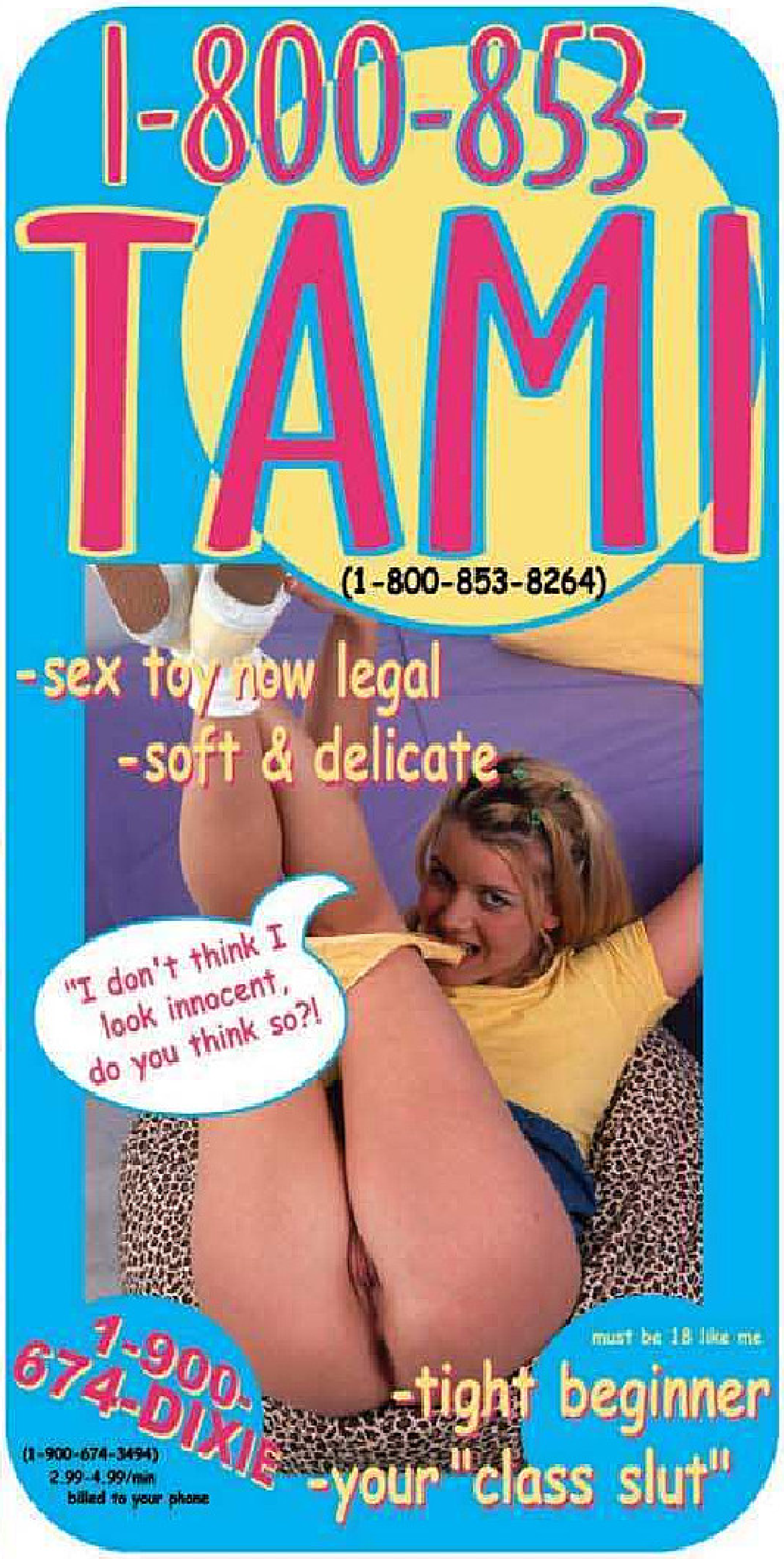
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40+

NEXT ISSUE: MEET LIZ SUMMERS

we got letters, lots and lots of

letters

Dear 50+,
I know that everybody says this, but...I'm really not the sort of guy who writes letters to Milf mags. I'm the guy strutting down Wall Street in $700 Italian shoes. Hell, my ties cost more than the average guys monthly grocery bill. And, guess what...I'm only twenty-four years old!

I'm not trying to brag. I hate bragging. But, I need for Alexandra to understand that I'm not a run-of-the-mill Joe. I need her to know so she will give me serious consideration. Alexandra, I can give you the world. And, you know your sweet ass wants a Milf-worshiper who can fly you around Europe. And, you know your sweet pussy needs my big cock.

I don't mean to sound rude, Alexandra, but, I know you're a no-nonsense, horny broad. God, you're beautiful. I love when you pull your black panties to the side to show off your magnificent cunt! Alexandra, I'll buy you $50 panties. Please write back.

James
New York, New York

Well, James, see, I don't want you to think I'm arrogant, but, it's just that I'm the best thing in the world. You sure have a way with the ladies stock market man! ed.

letters

50+,

I thought I had already seen female perfection on earth in the form of Gillian Anderson. But, my world got rocked when I saw another, even-more-breathtaking female by the name of Nicole! Oh, Nicole...I need you! Now, Nicole's of the strawberry-blond variety, and, that suits me just fine! Nicole, Gillian's got nothing on you baby. And, 50+...mad props to you for lassoing in this sizzling baby.

I'm in lust with the picture in which Nicole is showing off her hot, ample ass while her red panties are pulled down her luscious thighs. Nicole, I can see that you're not shy about showing off your gorgeous hindquarters for the camera. And, who the hell can blame you? I'm sure when you're walking around the gym in your spandex, erections are popping left and right baby!

After our first date, you're going to be in your bedroom slipping into something more comfortable. And, I'm going to enter, and, it'll be just like the picture. I'll come up from behind with my huge, hard dick leading the way. Without as much as a kiss, it's going straight up your pussy from behind. Your eyes will roll back with ecstatic surprise. I'll put one hand on that ass of yours, and, my other hand with grab your horny red hair and pull your head back as I fuck you until I cum deep in your twat. Then, you'll want to be with me forever.

Tony
Philadelphia, PA

Okay, Tony. You got it all worked out. I'll go inform Nicole about what her future holds big guy. And, say hi to Agent Mulder for us. ed.

To the office of 50+ Magazine,

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Ramone, and, I'm doing a little bid in a California prison for business fraud. But, Diana, Ramone is innocent. See, those legal thugs just didn't appreciate a little, um, business creativity. But, the fools don't know that I got 2 million stashed in a really safe spot. And, I'll be out in three weeks with fistfuls of money flying out of my pockets. And, Diana, baby, I want to dress you up in the finest velvet mini skirts and take you to the opera.

And, if you will, please, be my finest of ladies, Diana, I also want to take you to a really upscale French restaurant. Don't worry. I'll show you how to pronounce the menu items. Afterwards, I want to make love to you on the finest of terraces which I own. I'm going to dress you up in that same frilly black lingerie you're wearing. If you don't mind, my lady, I'd like to cut a hole in the lingerie so it's possible for Ramone to stick his big Latin lover cock right through into your fire hole.

Don't worry. Ramone won't fuck you too hard. Ramone will treat you like the finest of ladies.

Ramone
Sacramento, California

Okay, Ramone, I'm known as ed and ed thinks Ramone is an unusual sort of fine gentlemen. But, my fine gentlemen, ed thinks Ramone may like to talk to James from above. ed

Dear Macy,

Hi. I want your tits. Now. I want your tits in my hands and mouth. I want to shove my cock between those tits. I also want to put it in your pussy and ass. If you want some romance, I'll light candles and put on some soft music...something like The Eagles or Credence Clearwater Revival. And, I'll polish your toenails. I do understand that women like that sort of thing. Do you Macy? Are you into having things done to your feet?

Or, do you just like getting dicks in your pussy, mouth, and ass? I want to do that to you too. And, I want to fuck your tits. Do you think you could hold those big boobs together for me so I could stroke my rod between them? If you want me to cum on your face...I will. But, mainly, I just really want to put it in your pussy and ass.

Macy, I know a two-bit plumber like me don't have a chance with you...but, could you do something for me? Could you do another pictorial in which you're doing a handstand. Please!

Chuck
Phoenix, Arizona

Okay, Chuck...now I'm getting the feeling that you've got something you want to stick different places in Macy. But, just make sure you don't bring your plunger along. ed

Darcy

OH SOFIA!

YOU ARE TOO DAMN SEXY BABY!

Oh, to see Sofia in stockings! Some women are stunning in stockings, and, Sofia is one of them. I particularly love to see her on her knees with those delightful nipples poking straight ahead. The idea that enters my mind is how I'd like to have Sofia as my private Milf who stayed on her knees virtually all the time. No, guys, I'm not talking about keeping a prisoner. I'd treat her like a queen of course...but, it would be absolute, sexual debauchery.

Sofia is another one of these Milfs you find at 50+ that puts the wildest thoughts in your mind. A picture like that gets me suddenly fantasizing about ripping those stockings off with my teeth...about inserting my tongue in her love hole and just keeping it there for a few weeks. About pledging my undying lust to this cock-inspiring beauty!

“You can rip out my stocking's crotch with your teeth!”

Could you even imagine getting behind Sofia and having your way with her? I asked Sofia what she thought of being a private Milf, and, she said that it was appealing except that it would be difficult to only be a private Milf to one guy. She said if I could arrange a stable of studly dudes to be at her service she'd give it some serious consideration.

50+ reader confession by Sheila

THE HALLOWEEN PARTY @ THE VFW

It ain't easy when you're in your fifties and you suddenly find yourself single. Lord knows it's enough to send an older woman's head into a spin. And, when your heart feels like it's been tap danced on by the whole of the Radio City Rockettes...well, the natural thing is to want to crawl right under the dirty clothes in the hamper and just hide for the rest of your life.

Oh, God knows betrayal is the most poisonous dagger. And, when I learned that my husband of twenty-five years was cock-pumping the nineteen-year-old cashier at the Mini Mart, my stomach went into semi-permanent convulsions. And, I even knew this girl a bit. I'd buy my candy bars there every Saturday morning, and, I'm not a lesbian or anything; but, even I couldn't help but notice how cute her little ass was when she sashayed from the first register to the lottery register.

The little blond cunt of a whore! ...with the cute ass! No wonder my hubby couldn't resist! But, what about his integrity and our marriage vows? The blond whore, cock-pumping son of a bitch! ...trying to recapture his youth with the checkout girl! And, what was she after? Why his money of course.

Anyway, this is how my mind had been working for the two weeks since I got the divorce papers. And, the next day the little blond whore's big blond whore of a mother actually came to my front door! And, even she was younger than me! By a good ten years! And, she begged me to talk to my husband. She said her daughter was throwing her life away for a man almost old enough to be her grandfather.

“Guess she likes wrinkly senior citizen sausage,” I said. “What a dirty leg little cunt.”

It was one of those moments when you can hear the other person's jaw dropping to the floor.

“Look,” I said. “Your daughter's a gold digger. What are you worried about? She's already showing the talents that will make her rich in America.”

And, I slammed the door in her face. The nerve of that bitch to come to my door! The nerve of all of them. Oh, the nerve of the whole God damn world intruding into my peace and sending me straight towards a land of confusion.

Well, I knew that I was in a funk that I had to get

I saw in the paper that there was a Halloween party for older singles at the local VFW. Perfect. I wasn't looking for witty conversation. I was on a mission to find that piece of stiff manmeat that would make me forget my problems!

out of...and, I saw in the paper that there was a Halloween, dress-up party for older singles at the local VFW. Perfect. I'm not going to lie. I wasn't looking for witty conversation. I was on a mission to find that piece of stiff manmeat that would make me forget my problems.

For my Halloween costume, I decided to be the sexiest, most seductive character to ever grace the silver screen...that's right: Princess Leia. I found a picture of her on the internet where she's wearing a gold bikini, and, her hair looks the same shade as mine. Perfect. I knew damn well that the good Princess had launched a million boys' masturbation fantasies, and, the idea of strutting my stuff as the intergalactic hotty got my pussy hot-to-trotty! And, I already had a gold bikini!

On Halloween night, I slipped into that bikini, and, I added a few props to make things complete. What the hell: I was going to use some Halloween poetic license! I was having such fun already! So, I donned some extra-long princess beads around my neck and grabbed the light saber that I picked-up at Toys R Us. Oh, yea! The 21st century Princess Leia did things her way. And, if I bumped into my hubby along the way, I'd chop his sausage off with my laser sword!

When I got to the party, it was pretty much elbow-to-elbow with the throng of horny, middle-aged singles. Perfect! The characters flitted through the dim light. I saw robots, princes, zombies, princesses, and, even the Cowardly Lion. I went to the punch bowl and sucked down the rum concoction to get my nerve up. Then I employed my strategy. I walked right up to some prince, and, I stood beside him as I looked down at my feet. I then muttered, “I want your cock now!”

“What was that?” the prince said, looking over at me.

I lost my nerve and walked away. Okay. Time to try again. I saw a middle-aged man with gray hair who had a reporter's costume on: complete with the hat and notepad. His face had a charming smoothness to it. I walked beside him and looked down and said, “Fuck me. Fuck me now.”

The idea of strutting my stuff as an intergalactic hotty got my pussy hot-to-trotty! And, I already had a gold bikini!

“You got it lady,” he said, taking my hand and leading me through the crowd. When we reached the atrium, we spotted a flight of steps and went up them.

“Take that Leia,” he said, smacking my ass on the way up.

I tapped my light saber against his crotch. At the top of the steps we opened up a door that lead to an office. Without wasting any time, he picked me up and set me on the desk. He pulled up my Leia skirt and yanked my gold bikini to the side. Then, he started scribbling in his notepad and talking.

“Oh, I've got the scoop of the century boss,” he said. “Yep, I've got a beautiful, Princesses Leia Milf in front of me with her legs spread, and, it looks like she's got a an out-of-this world pussy. I better investigate.”

With that, he threw his pad to the side and dove

Wonderful! I love it when the sexual dirty

head-first into my Leia pussy. I had to give this guy credit for originality. And, I had to also give him credit for cunnilingus! My moans bounced off the room of that little office, and, I intentionally moaned especially loud to let this reporter stud know that I appreciated his linguistic efforts! After five minutes down there, he pulled his head out, and, I could tell he wanted to plunge his pen into my inkpad. I grabbed my light saber and pressed it against his throat.

"Mr. Reporter, you're going to eat my outer space pussy for another hour first," I said.

The dutiful reporter went back down and his tongue got busy. I looked at my watch, and, I reveled in libidinous ecstasy as the reporter followed orders. After twenty minutes, I felt a marvelous surge as my first orgasm began. The reporter pulled his head out and smiled at me.

"Breaking new!" he declared. "Beautiful Leia Milf cums in my face!"

"Get back in there," I ordered.

He did as instructed, and, about twenty minutes later, the door opened, and, there was a thud on the floor. We both looked over to see a zombie stretched out across the floor. He slowly stood up and stared at us.

"Where's more yummy rummy punchy?" he slurred.

"Get out of here you drunk zombie," the reporter said.

The drunk zombie stumbled away. A few seconds later, I heard the thuds of him falling down the stairs; but, I didn't care: it was that tongue in my pussy that held my attention!

"My pussy needs your cock!" I finally said.

The reporter stood up, and, his own light saber was proudly sticking up in the air.

"Will you suck it?" he asked.

"No!" I barked, pointing my light saber at his. "Stick your dick in my pussy. Now!"

The reporter lined up his love rod with my cunt lips and slowly slid forward.

"Oooooooh!" I moaned. "Fuck me fast and furious!"

The reporter started bucking like a toddler on a Hobbity horse. By his herky jerky fucking style, I would have thought that he was a young man. God, he was jackhammering in and out at a furious pace. My pussy started to feel like it had been transported to heaven, and, I liked how he stuck his fingers into my mouth. I swirled my tongue around them and

talk veers off into ecstatic ridiculousness!

reached up to feel his chest.

By the bulk and firmness of his pecs I could tell that he worked out at the gym.

"Fuck me harder you gym stud," I said.

"You got it Princess Milf pussy," he said.

Wonderful! I love it when the sexual dirty talk veers off into ecstatic ridiculousness!

"Oh, Chewbacca!" I yelled. "Fuck me you wookie!"

"On your belly you Milf whore," he said.

He spun me around to my belly, and, that hard desk was pretty uncomfortable. But, when he straddled me and slipped his dong back into my love hole...all was forgotten. He put his hands on my ass and started pumping furiously.

"Spank me!" I said.

His hand cracked against my luscious ass repeatedly.

"You're making me cum again!" I screamed.

"Cum you Milf beauty!"

And, my pussy let loose: my juices flowing like a storm annihilating a dam.

"I want to ride you," I said.

We flipped ourselves around, and, he was now on his back on the floor. I straddled him and lowered my pink eye onto his shaft. I squeezed his muscular biceps, and, I took a good look at his gray hair.

"You're in great shape for an older man," I moaned.

"I'm twenty-three," he said. "This is my costume: a middle-aged reporter."

"Just keep fucking me," I moaned, sliding up and down on his young dick.

"Can I fuck you every day?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," I moaned. "I'm single. Move in and fuck me nonstop."

I then saw the door crack open, and, I could have sworn there was an animal head peeking through.

“Can I fuck you every day?” he asked.
“Yes, yes,” I moaned.
“I'm single. Move in and fuck me nonstop.”

“There's somebody out there,” I said, still fucking this young lad with gusto.

“Show yourself,” he yelled, flipping me around doggy style so we were both looking at the head peeking from behind the door.

The door opened, and, the cowardly lion hesitantly stepped forward. The young stud's hips were bucking against my ass, and, my eyes briefly rolled back in my head.

“Don't be a coward lion,” the reporter said. “Come get a good look.”

The cowardly lion entered and stood right next to us.

“I'm gonna blow,” the reporter said.

He pulled his rocket out and blasted his lover goo all over my ass and back. It was like a steamy wonderfulness on my back; but, I wanted more. Still on my hands and knees I looked up at the cowardly lion.

“I'm down on my hands and knees already baby,” I said. “How about a little lion style.”

The lion dropped his pants, and, the reporter took a few notes as that furry animal showed me that he wasn't really very cowardly after all!

the end

"Gettin' Real...Horny"

By Harry Orwell

It's not easy being me, what with cameras all over your personal life and having to keep up this public persona. I'm not complaining – it was my idea to let them into my life and to do a reality show. It wasn't like I needed the money. I just thought it'd be fun, and maybe I'd become a minor star for awhile – get out of my family's shadow. But I didn't know I'd have to follow so many rules that aren't part of regular life, and be "on" all the time. You try squeezing a 42-26-40 body like mine into a mini-dress a size too small, and then smile and joke and flirt as if you're not having trouble breathing.

God! It's no wonder I did what I did. A girl has to let loose sometime, and I don't get many chances when the cameras aren't on me – and let me tell you, even before did this show I couldn't walk into a party without every guy gasping and snapping photos of me to whack off to. I know, I know – I've got this ridiculously busty, bootalicious Mediterranean body that makes even women's eyes pop out. I know that, but c'mon! I'm still a human being.

I realize how ironic that's going to sound when I get this off my chest (as it were). Because when I got half a chance, I let myself become nothing but a sex-crazed body, a savage beast in fucking heat, begging, literally begging, to have a giant bazooka dick fire blast after blast into my ass, to destroy it, to atomize it, to serve me right for having a body no woman's got a right to have. I'm getting horny again just thinking about that night.

And, well … whoa. You won't believe this, but I just noticed that as I've been writing, I've been absently playing with my left nipple through my dress and 36F-cup bra. Wow – I guess I even turn on myself. God, I hate being so narcissistic. But Jesus Christ, look at this body! Even I can't believe it! I am totally tits and ass with beautiful, silky black hair and a sultry, fuck-me face. No wonder eve guy wants to do me! I've slipped off my sundress and now I'm looking at myself in the mirror, sitting on the bed next to my laptop, my hand inside a bra cup the size of a gallon jug. Sometimes I get so horny looking at myself that I just want to fuck and fuck and fuck – 10 guys, all in a row, taking turns fucking me up the ass until I wear them out from screaming and writhing my rear and ogasming over and over and over until I leave them all limp ragdolls on the floor.

I guess in retrospect that's how I must have been thinking that night.

When you're rich, there are private clubs that are *private* private. Most rich people aren't famous, and with no paparazzi buzzing around, it's not too hard to have unmarked places where the help is paid obscenely high amounts – we can afford it; it's not like a hardship – to ensure they'll stay quiet. They know a good thing, and if they talk when they're not supposed to … well, sorry if this is disappointingly not like in the movies, but nobody "bumps them off" – we just set up another unmarked place. It's just money.

Needless to say, I haven't been to my favorite private club since the show started, and I really missed it. You meet guys like yourself, who aren't awed by money or connections, and also their buddies, many of whom aren't rich but usually so cool that the rich guys want to hang around them. A lot of them are really gorgeous, too, though I stay away from the ones who are little too good-looking, too buff and sculpted – who need golddiggers? Given the nature of a private club, you get to know everybody. Not like brothers, heaven forfend, but like friends … with benefits. Big, hot, young benefits that keep benefiting a woman all night long, endless iron, more and more, until she can't take any more help for a week....

I needed it. And as it happened, a few days after the season's shooting schedule stopped, I suddenly noticed something – a quiet, like when you're outdoors and something in the weather makes all the birds just ... stop. It was the paparazzi – or rather, the lack of them. I didn't see anything, and nobody appeared on the house's security cameras. Just to be sure, I had one of our workmen stroll around outside and check around the bushes beyond the gate – nothing! This was my chance! Taking the mid-priced Honda I keep just to go the club, registered in a relative's name, I drove out, hit the side streets, made four right turns around a block to make sure I wasn't being followed, and there I was! Free!

Some innocent guy was going to be thanking God tonight for delivering him a TV star ready to fuck her brains out. OK, reality TV star – but one with tits and booty so big I come out of the TV in 3-D! I was so excited driving down there, my nipples alone could have poked out of your set and into your living room!

I'll skip the pleasantries, the welcoming drinks, and mini-reunion with friends, and get straight to the point: Greg – the friend-of-a-friend surfer slacker, out of college, bumming around odd jobs figuring out what he wants to do with his life, and (or so my friend bragged of his buddy after enough drinks) possessed of an endowment so huge that his beach buddies said he was always "hanging 10."

It was everything I could do to act nonchalant and unimpressed – which all went out the window later that night, when I saw that he truly was hanging 10 inches ... and powerhoused to an erection over 13 inches long, not only putting a ruler to shame but even thicker than my arm!!!!

My jaw dropped and my eyes went wide! I couldn't even scream – I couldn't get a sound out! Mr. Average-to-Nice-Looking suddenly became Mr. Oh-My-Fucking-God-Rip-Me-Apart-with-the-Biggest-Cock-I've-Ever-Seen-in-My-Life!!!!

That first fucking was a blur – we were both too hot for foreplay or anything else. I had an orgasm before he'd even gotten every thick inch into me – imagine that. And then I had another a couple minutes after when he'd finally gotten that super-muscle cock up into me so deep I saw stars, and we both climaxed immediately.

And this was nothing. I was going to blow his mind by ordering him to take my ass to heaven. But first I was going to blow his half-hard dick back up to such a concrete erection that in minutes it was back again standing straight up toward his chest!

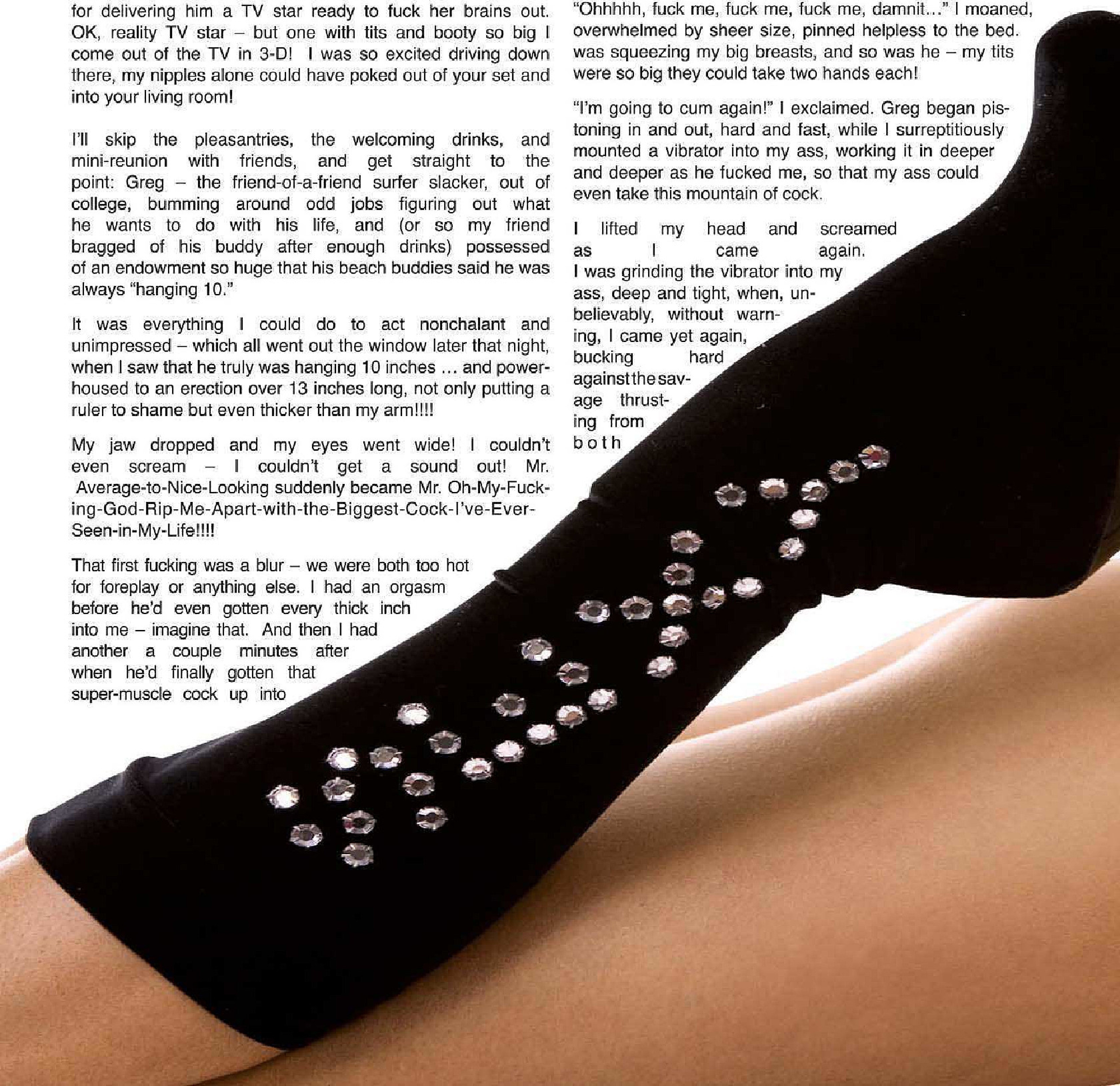
"You felt so huge inside me," I gasped, holding him in one hand and feeling the weight of his balls with the other. "You're hung like a thoroughbred stallion!"

Grinning at me, he ran a hand through my hair and gently pushed me onto my back on the bed. With a lusty groan he eased himself back into my pussy and with one hard thrust was now able to bury himself inside my willing, stretched-out lovebox, right up to his balls.

"Ohhhhh, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me, damnit..." I moaned, overwhelmed by sheer size, pinned helpless to the bed. was squeezing my big breasts, and so was he – my tits were so big they could take two hands each!

"I'm going to cum again!" I exclaimed. Greg began pistoning in and out, hard and fast, while I surreptitiously mounted a vibrator into my ass, working it in deeper and deeper as he fucked me, so that my ass could even take this mountain of cock.

I lifted my head and screamed as I came again. I was grinding the vibrator into my ass, deep and tight, when, unbelievably, without warning, I came yet again, bucking hard against the savage thrusting from both



his arm-sized prick and my vibrator. "AAAHHHHHHHHHH, FUCK FUCK FUCK!!!! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!!!" I yelled. And then came the coup de grace: "FUCK MY ASS! FUCK MY ASS! FUCK MY GODDAMN GORGEOUS FUCKING ASS!!!!"

I flipped over onto my flat stomach, my tits so big they protruded on either side of me. "Look," I bragged to him, wriggling my butt. "I'm so hot for you to tear me open from the inside out, I've been playing with a vibrator in my ass!"

"Jesus ... Christ," he barely whispered. There it was, before him, the ass that launched a thousand cocks, an ass that made men out of boys, made women think about planting their face between my thighs, made TV cameras and still cameras record it for posterior posterity. And this horse-hung guy, who could never have dreamed he'd be in this situation, had it laid out before him – ready to be laid out, in, up, down, every which way he could.

I turned my head to look him in the eye. "Take me," I said. "It's OK. I want you to take me up the ass. I want you to make me scream in pleasure and pain until you come gallons up my butt. Do you want that? Do you want to let loose your cum up my ass? Then do it," I said. "Take me so fucking deep it brings tears to my eyes." He was speechless. Fortunately, his giant, trembling cock, near bursting with excitement, did all the talking for him.

Slowly, he began to push in. I whined a little in glorious pain, and then I felt it slowy start to slip in. He held that position for a few moments to let my ass get used to being stretched. Then, he pushed maybe a third or halfway in, and I felt my hole relax a little He pulled back slowly and pushed back in slowly. I moaned, "Oh, Godddddd!!!! I'd forgotten how good this could feel! Go on baby, push it in. More," I breathed. "More. More. More..."

I could feel Greg's body trembling, like a rubber band that had been pulled tight and was about to break. "Oh, baby, I'm gonna cum," he moaned.

"No!" I shouted. "Don't you fucking dare. Grab the base of it and squeeze," I ordered. "Calm yourself down a minute – and then work it ALL inside me or don't bother!" Big words. I was bluffing. If he'd have gotten up to walk away, I'd have been on the floor in front of him in a second, masturbating in front of his face and begging him to cum all over me.

But he knew a good thing – hell, a fucking unbelievably great thing – when he had it, and did as I said. Soon he was back at full force, and reaming my ass harder and harder, building up a rhythm, making me roll my head from side to side, muttering and chanting "oh god" over and over. I knew the biggest cock I'd ever seen, fucking me up the ass deeper than any man or vibrator, was going to make me cum harder than I've ever cum in my life.

I turned my head to look at him. "Oh, God, Greg, don't stop! You're going to make me cum. You're going to make me cum fucking this famous ass!!!! Oh, God, Greg!! I'm going to cum so hard! Fuck my ass harder and deeper!!! DO IT!! YES!!!"

With a good grip on my hips, he started to slam it in. "OH MY GOD!!! YES!!! YES!!! YESSSSSS!!!!" I screamed, going off like an atomic weapon. I was climaxing, and climaxing and climaxing like I was having three orgasms at once! I couldn't stop! I was sailing through space, nuclear winds ripping through me, coming and coming and coming as a huge dick took my ass so deep I saw supernovas, comets, explosions! MY GOD, WHAT AN ASS- FUCKING!!! Greg was about to go off, and I wanted to make sure she came harder than she ever cum before. Screaming and bucking, spurring him on, calling him the biggest man I'd ever seen, telling him he could fuck three women at once and make them beg for more, I at last felt his cock spasming in my ass – and then is whole body seemed to go off in orgasm! He was pounding and roaring and doing me half to death, while I trembled and screamed obscenely, he was driving me so wild.

We played with each other and fucked each other's brains out all night long. It just figures, doesn't it, that my reality sounds like other people's fantasy. ♥

Lisa Devine

Sure, I've got men ... men whose eyes pop out at this body and who'll do anything I ask. But sometimes, you just get tired of men.

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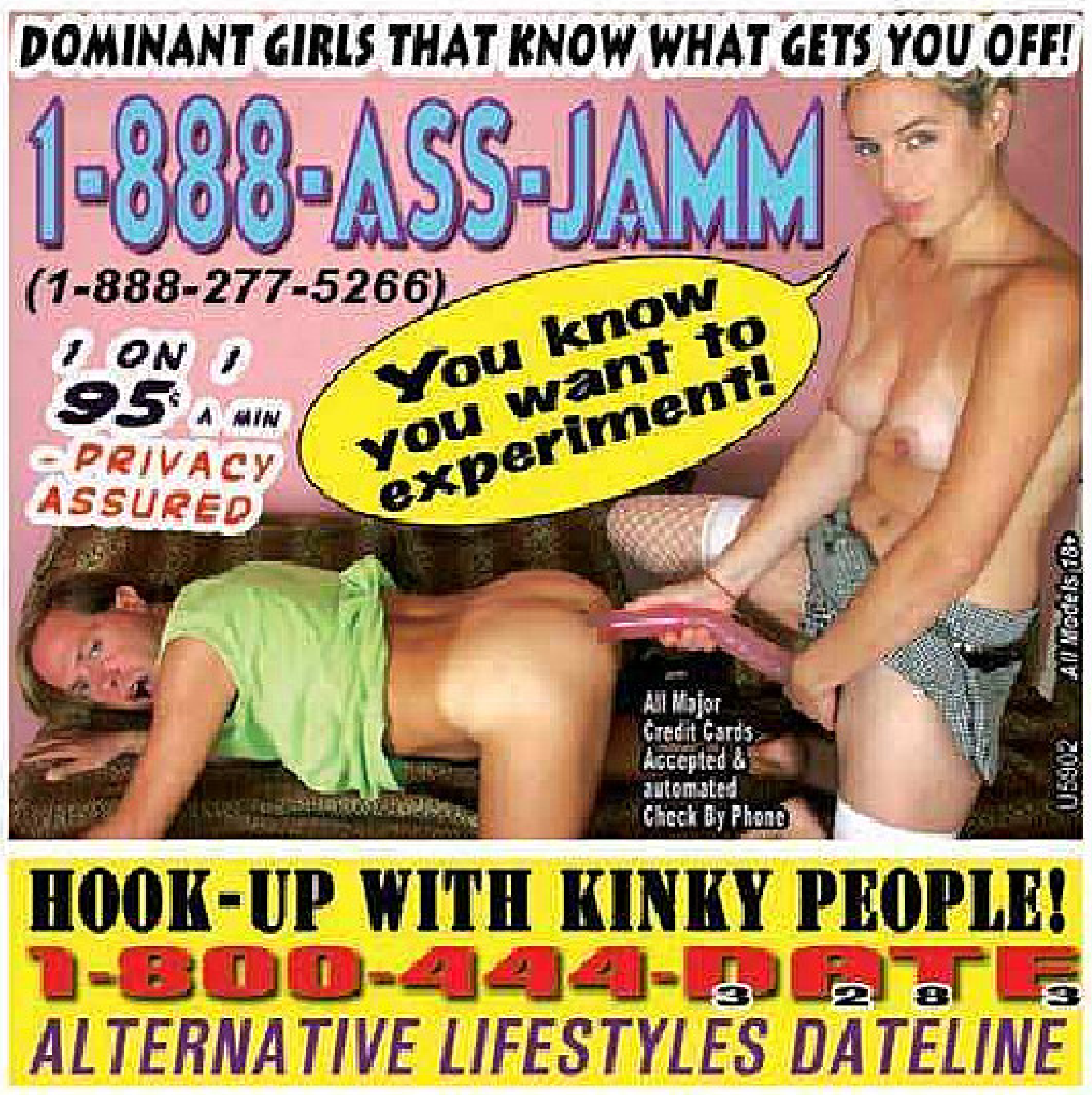

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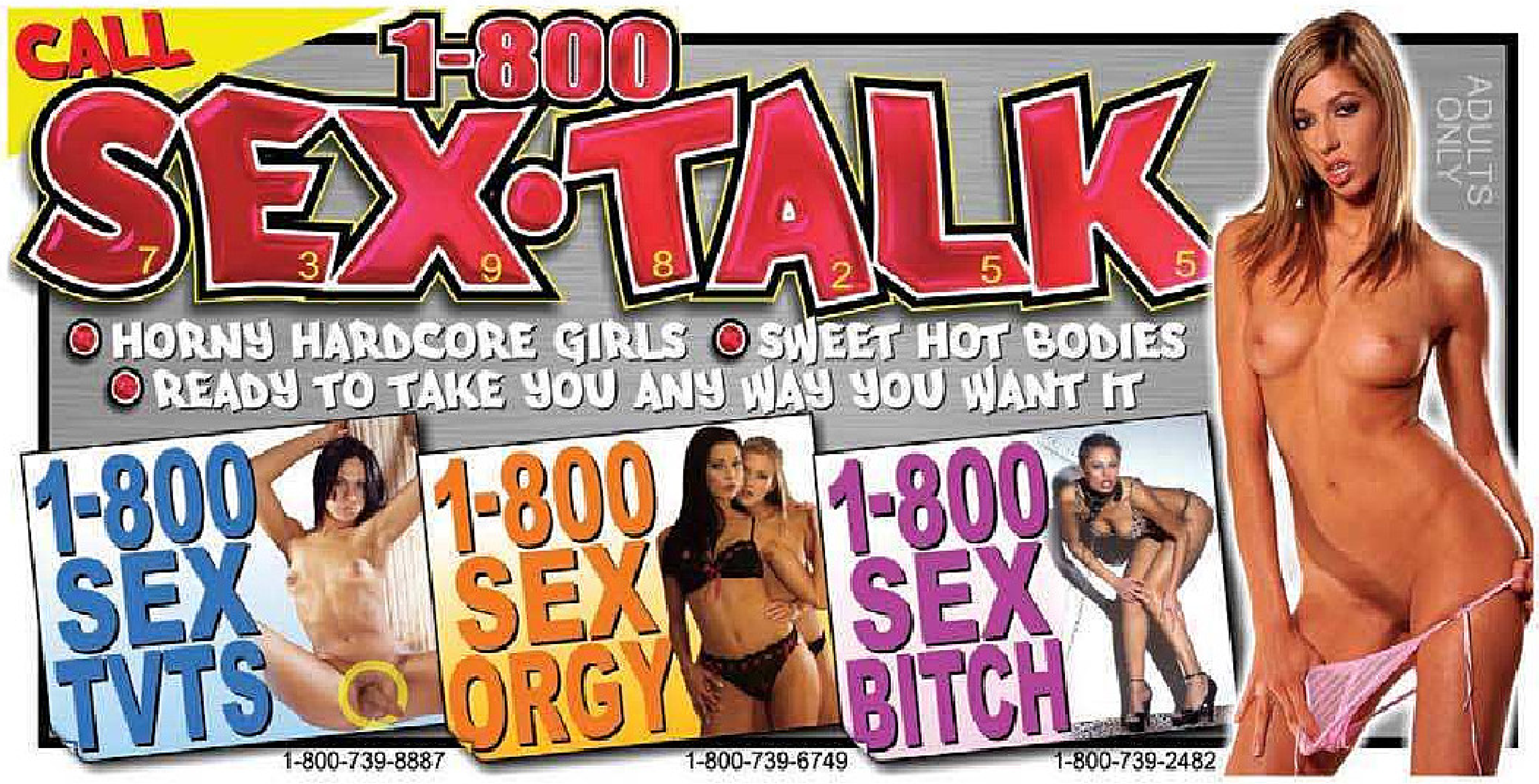

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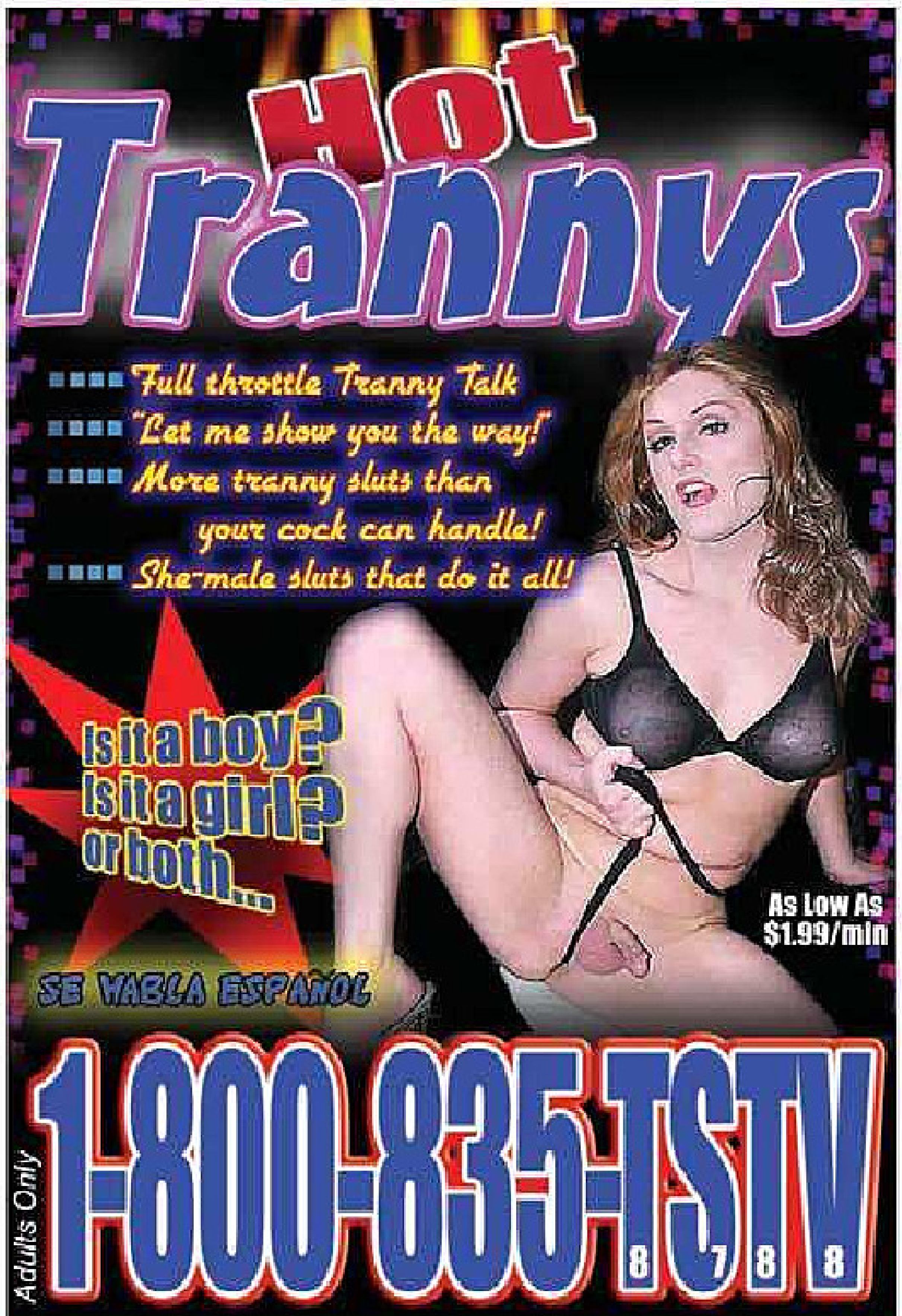

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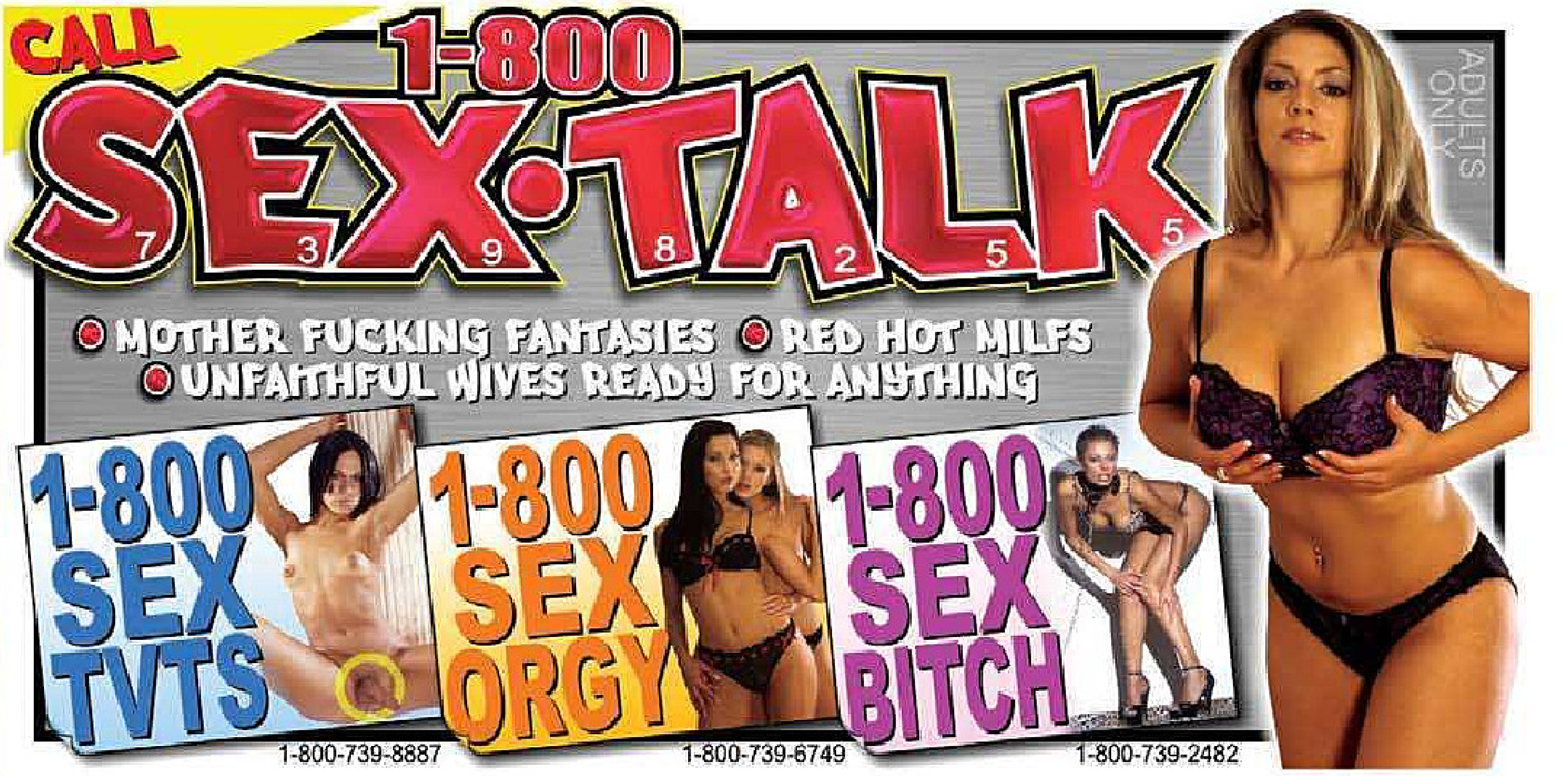
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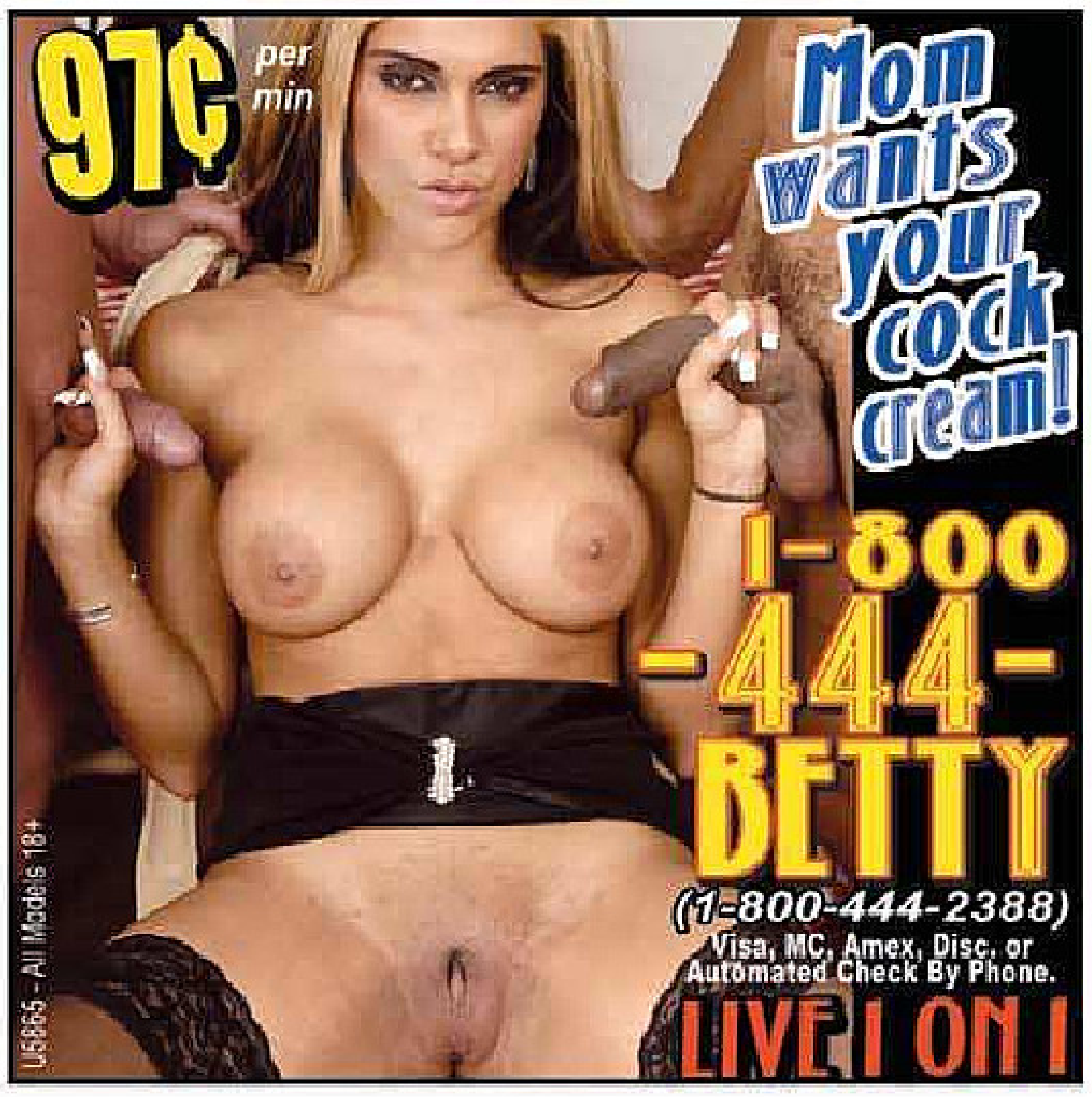
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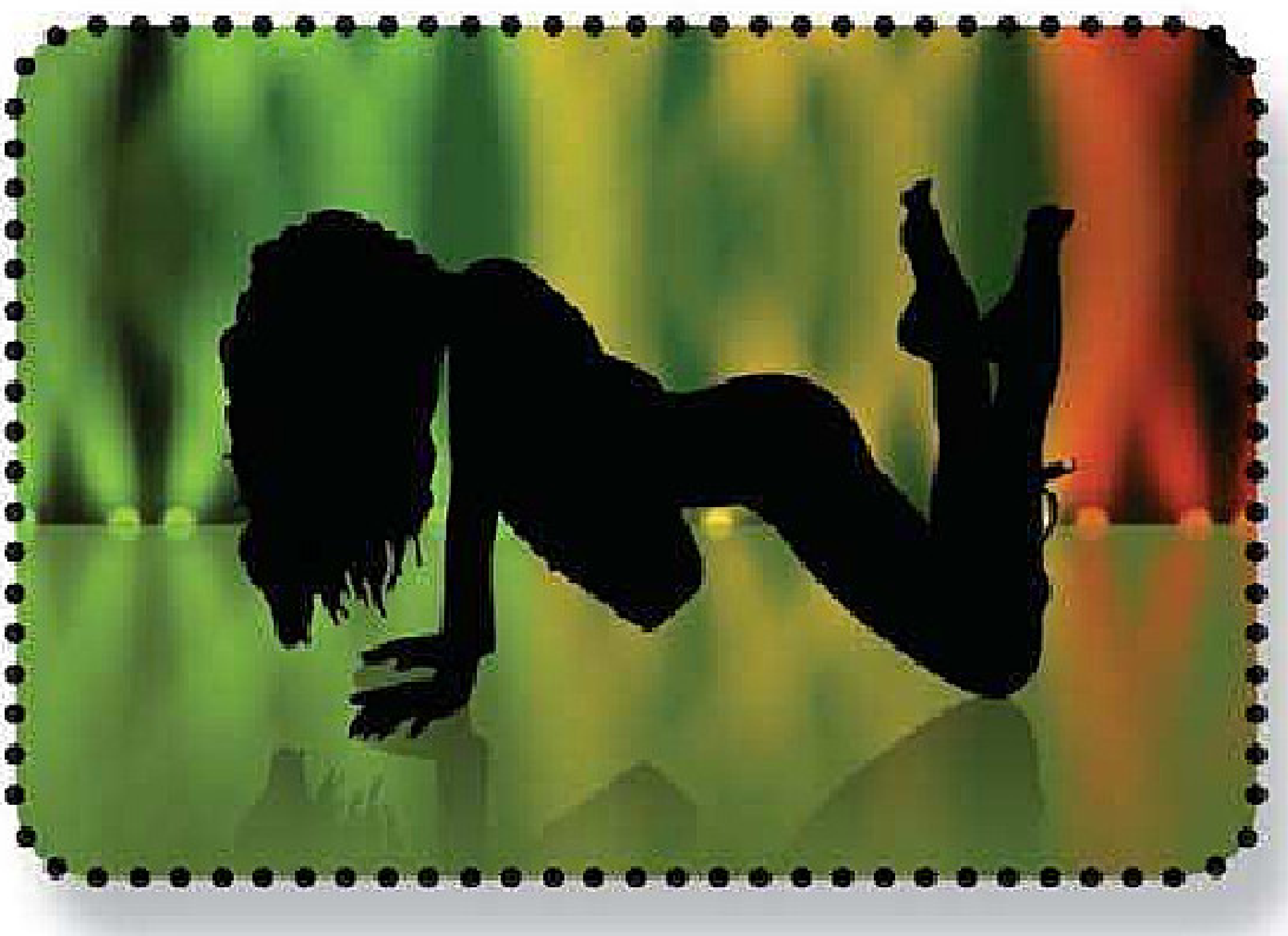
THE BACK-SIDE

It's Ass in Song & Dance!

By J.J. Hunsecker

10. THE BUMP: Do you remember President Nixon? Do you remember the bills we had to pay? The inflationary '70s, decade of disco and David Bowie, did have some good things – the start of the environmental movement, more equal opportunities for women, the highly entertaining Billy Martin and the championship Yankees – and where your opinion falls on this side-by-side, ass-bumping dance depends on how much you like copping a feel … with your butt instead of your hand.

9. "MONEY MAKER" BY LUDACRIS (2006): In 1961, Elmore James recorded the blues song "Shake Your Moneymaker." Nearly 50 years later, the rapper Ludacris paid homage to James' phrase in his Grammy Award-winning "Money Maker" – the video for which closes any debate over what exactly a woman's "money maker" is. Some say it's her hoochie-coochie. Here a counting machine keeps score of how many time a girl shakes her butt at the illustrious Mr. L. We'd say the machine racks them up, but that would be more appropriate for *Big Breasts Monthly.*



8. TINA TURNER CONCERTS: And speaking of shaking your moneymaker…. here's a GILF with money in the bank! Sure, the 68-year-old Queen of Rock & Roll has won eight well-deserved Grammies. Sure, her 1984 hit "What's Love Got to Do with It" and the movie of the same name gave her the big success that her concert audiences had always known she deserved. But damn! Half the time we weren't even listening, we were so busy watching that supersonic rump remind us what "rock & roll" originally meant.

7. "THE BERTHA BUTT BOOGIE - PART 1" BY THE JIMMY CASTOR BUNCH (1974): "The party was jumpin' when Bertha got off o' her stump / The whistles were blowin' and everybody did The Bump." So goes the opening to this more than six-minute-long novelty disco song by the still-working pop/funk musician, who'd introduced the bootylicious cave-babe in an earlier ditty. There's long been a rumor this is George W. Bush's favorite song. And why not? What cocaine-snorting alcoholic frat boy wouldn't de down wit' dat?!

6. "HONKY TONK BADONKADONK" BY TRACE ADKINS: It's pretty hilarious, in a stupid sort of way, to hear a country artist like Trace Adkins use urban slang like "badonkadonk" in a song. This endearment for a big ol' butt to die for came up in the early 2000s – here's how *Urban Dictionary* uses it in a sentence: "Her badonkadonk made a brotha pop mad wheelies." (We think you can figure out "pop mad wheelies" for yourself.)

5. GO-GO DANCERS: The term comes from "go-go boots," which first appeared on women's feet in 1964 and in kinky couples' bedrooms soon after. Dancers started wearing them the following year in places like New York City's Peppermint Lounge and on TV music shows like *Hullabaloo.* Whatever. All we know is, the best go-go dancers were the ones who did what the following disco song said to do…

4. "(SHAKE, SHAKE, SHAKE) SHAKE YOUR BOOTY" BY KC AND THE SUNSHINE BAND (1976): A pretty direct statement. A #1 hit by the quintessential kings of disco, it gave simple, explicit directions on what to do on both the dance floor and in bed afterward.

3. "BOOTYLICIOUS" BY DESTINY'S CHILD (2001): One of the top spots on this list must go to this daunting dare of a #1 hit by the trio of Beyoncé Knowles, Kelly Rowland and Michelle Williams. Why? Because unlike virtually every other ass song, this one was co-written by a woman – Knowles … who is pretty fucking bootylicious herself. It's all about a girl taunting a guy that he ain't "ready for this jelly," and asks, "Is my body too bootylicious for ya, babe?" Never, Beyoncé! Your ass is the original BK Broiler!

2. "FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS" BY QUEEN (1976): When one of the greatest and most influential rock bands breaks the mold of rock-song girls by penning a paean to booty babes, you've got to give writer Brian May and bandmates Freddie Mercury, Roger Taylor and John Deacon due props. They said it first and they said it all: "Fat bottomed girls, you make the rockin' world go round!" Did it inspire the mockumentary band Spinal Tap's "Big Bottom"? You bet'cher ass!

1. "BABY GOT BACK" BY SIR MIX-A-LOT (1992): And the top slut, er, slot, can only go Seattle rapper/producer Anthony Ray, a.k.a. Sir Mix-a-Lot. "I like big butts, and I cannot lie" … what the hell else other song could there be? This is our national anthem! And the fucking thing won the 1993 Grammy Award for Best Rap Solo Performance! And became one of the most popular rap songs (and videos) ever made! Ross the schmuck on TV's *Friends* even sang it to his baby! Sir Mix-a-Lot, we salute you. You are an ass man's ass man.

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